THE NAUTILUS.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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These Are NAUTILUS Contributors for 1906-7. Others Coming!

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Cordially yours,

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

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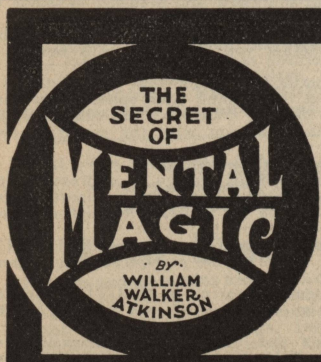

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Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

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Editorials. By Elizabeth.

I MAKE MY BOW. How do you like the make-up of the *Nautilus* this month with my editorials occupying the very front and middle of the stage? It makes me blush like any school girl, to think of standing out so conspicuously before the 150,000 and odd people who will look into this number of our magazine. I'm blushing now, and I feel painfully conscious of the green gown I've got on!

But you wouldn't guess it from my editorials. If you did it would be a joke on you, for every word of them was written and set up in type before I even thought of coming under the limelight like this!

It's all William's fault, and he was incited by that Pow Wow. He says it's evident that our readers want *me* (thank you!) and because my editorials have been tucked away off at the back of *The Nautilus* they think they aren't getting me. "And anyway," concluded William, *"Collier's* and *Harper's Weekly* put their editorials first, why not *The Nautilus?"* Sure enough. So here I am, making my little bow and hoping—you'll like the new arrangement.

TELEPATHY AND HUMAN NATURE. The telepathy article of mine in March *Nautilus* aroused much comment. Nearly everybody liked it. But William said folks would get a false impression from it!—they'd think we never talk but just toss our thoughts back and forth unerringly and unremittingly, as other folks do their talk!

I couldn't believe anybody would get such an impression! So I've just looked over the article again. Well, somebody *might* form such an impression, if he took certain paragraphs by themselves. But that is no way to read, and I hope all who read that article at all read it *all*.

We converse in the usual way. We telepath just as *every* congenial couple does. Generally the telepaths are unintentional, but once in a while they are intended. When I send voluntary telepaths I sometimes hit and sometimes miss, just as anybody does.

The main object of that article was to call your attention to *your own* telepathic powers, that you may, like us, develop them by practise. I wrote the article several months ago, in answer to numerous queries from our readers as to the nature, uses and development of telepathy.

Beginning in this number of *Nautilus* I give you the best lessons I ever read on the development of telepathy, by Ellen Price, a little Taurus girl who is a wonderful psychic. If you will just practise as she directs you will in six months or so know as much about tele-

Editorials, By Elizabeth.

pathy as I do, and you will develop your own mental powers remarkably.

Telepathy is the coming language. It is likewise the language which arrived in the beginning, before man knew how to chatter.

I wouldn't wonder if its brain center or sounding board is the one called by phrenologists *Human Nature.* Without rapport there is little conscious telepathy, and the faculty called Human Nature is human rapport or sym-path-y (same-state-y). The man with a large development of Human Nature simply reads the thought of other human beings, "by instinct."

A thing you do now "by instinct" you must have *learned how* to do in some previous state. The man with large Human Nature learned how by experience, by mixing with and learning people in earlier states or reincarnations. His bump of Human Nature was stored by experiences he does not remember now. In this incarnation he knows Human Nature and receives its telepaths, its unspoken thoughts, "by instinct."

And the better he *understands himself* the more readily he receives and uses telepathic knowledge from others.

"STARVE AND BE A SAMSON!"

"Starve and be a Samson!" That is the *first* line of an illustrated article in a recent number of the *New York World,* wherein are described the wonderful feats of Gilman Low who "lifted 1,000,000 pounds in thirty-five minutes." When he finds a car track obstructed by a disabled auto, Gilman Low lifts the 1,500 touring car out of the way as easily as you or I might a baby wagon.

Gilman Low has broken all sorts of athletic records, but not on accepted principles of training. Once before, after using conventional methods, three meals a day with meat, etc., he attempted that 1,000,000 pound lift, which consisted in getting under a 1,000 pound weight and raising it on his back 1,000 times in half an hour. That time he raised it 500 times in twenty-five minutes and had to quit.

This time he trained for the feat by living first five weeks on one meal a day, consisting of three eggs, half a loaf of whole wheat bread and raw fruit, nuts or cereals, with one glass of milk taken afterward. During the day he drank plenty of cool distilled water. Twice during the period he ate meat, but found it detrimental and ceased using it. The last three weeks he ate but *four meals a week,* of the foods before mentioned. At 10 a. m. of the day the lift was made, he ate six eggs and plenty of bread.

During the eight weeks of training his exercise consisted principally of walking and deep breathing, combined with light gymnastics, and he kept out of doors as much as possible, being a *firm believer in the benefits of fresh air and sunshine.*

His 1,000,000 pound lifting was performed before a medical examiner and many witnesses. When he had lifted the 1,000 pound weight 800 times his pulse registered only eighty-five, an increase of thirteen beats, showing a wonderful condition of heart and circulation. During the first one hundred lifts Low's arms were folded across his chest. After that his hands rested on a heavy bench and he lifted with arms, legs and back, increasing speed as he neared the close of his feat.

It cost Gilman Low exactly five and three-fourths pounds in the half-hour of

Editorials, By Elizabeth.

lifting. And he prepared for it by living eight weeks on forty-seven meals, an average of one meal in over one and one-fifth days. And at only two of these meals he ate meat, finding afterwards that it interfered with his work.

When one thinks of Gilman Low eating air and lifting 1,000 pounds a thousand times in half an hour his imagination skips Samson as unimportant. Why not Atlas, standing on air, living on air and lifting the earth?

How much more can Gilman Low do by eliminating a few more meals? He has already performed wonders after seven to fifteen day fasts. During the physical culture show he fasted seven days and then with the back lift raised 2,000 pounds twenty-two times in nineteen seconds. What next?

All this goes to prove "The New Physiology" as elucidated by Wallace D. Wattles in the last few numbers of this magazine, chapter 6 of which appears in this issue.

"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU." There are a number of injunctions in the Bible that were all right for those days, but all wrong, and even foolish, for the present time. Paul's commands about women covering their heads and keeping silence in the churches are among them.

The statements in Matt. v: 31-34, were based on customs of that day, when men were lords and women chattels. Those customs said a man could put away a woman for *any* cause. But Jesus said if women were put away and then got into mischief the man could consider *himself* the cause of that mischief.

Custom likewise said the woman who was "put away" was still *owned* body and soul, by the man who cast her off. *She* couldn't marry again because she wasn't free to marry. *But the man who had put her off could marry another woman if he chose, and custom held him guiltless of adultery.*

So, too, it held guiltless the man who took to himself the cast-off woman.

But Jesus declared the man was as guilty as the woman—if the cast-off woman who married was guilty of adultery, so, too, was the man who married her. And the man who put her off—save for one act—was guilty, too, because he cast her out of his own home, placing her in temptation.

Jesus simply explained that if a man owned a woman and didn't take care of her, *he* was to blame for her misdeeds.

The very root of all this opposition to divorce is the heathen belief that woman is the soulless property of man, and that no matter how brutally a man abused her or neglected her, *she* had no right to the protection of another man unless the husband happened to condescend to *give* her to some other man, as he sometimes did—for a consideration.

Notice that in the verse before that (Matt. v: 1), Jesus mentions that others have said if a man *puts away* his wife he should *give her a bill of divorcement.* "Putting away," and divorce are not synonymous. The latter *freed* the woman so that some other man might own her. *In that case she was not an adulteress,* nor her second husband an adulterer.

This command to give a woman a bill when she was put away was a move in the direction of ameliorating the helpless,

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

despised condition of the poor cast-off woman.

But Jesus went much farther and accused the men (both the husband who discarded her and the man who picked her up) of *equal sin with the woman* who was cast off *without* divorcement.

TRANSLATIONS. Why didn't Jesus say it more plainly then? He said it as plainly as I have and in a tenth of the words.

It is the translators who have garbled things, by confounding two words, one of which meant *to put away,* the other *to divorce.* To put away a wife did not release her; it simply turned her out to shift for herself as men turn out their old horses. To divorce her freed her to marry again.

Change the word *divorced,* Matt. v: 32, next to last line, to the words *put away;* then read the 31, 32 and 33 verses together and see if it could possibly be said more plainly.

In the Rotherham's Literal Version you will find *put away* and *divorcement* confounded in verse 31, which in the King James version is correctly translated. In Rotherham's it reads: "Whosoever shall *divorce* his wife let him give *her a writing of divorcement.*" How could she be divorced *without* having a *writing of divorcement?*

EXCEEDING THE PHARASEES. Now go back to Matt. v: 18-20. Read with your *gumption*—with the inspiration the Holy Spirit gives *you.* Down there in verse 20—"I say unto you that except *your* rightness shall *exceed* that of the scribes and the Pharisees" (*who think they keep the whole decalogue that Jesus is talking about*)" ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

Then Jesus goes on (verse 21) to tell what the Scribes and Pharisees command—"Thou shalt not kill," etc. Then he tells how much *more* than simply not killing, *you* must do to meet *his* requirements and the kingdom of heaven's—"*whosoever is angry with his brother*" ("without cause" is an unwarranted interpolation, not a sign of it in the original, put there by the translators who couldn't bear to have the statement hit themselves so hard)" *shall be in danger of judgment.*"

Then verse 27—"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery." Then he tells you how much more *you* must do than simply not to marry a divorced woman, if *you* are really to fulfill the seventh commandment and enter heaven.

And so all the way through that wonderful Sermon on the Mount Jesus takes up all those old commandments of Moses and the priests, and shows you how much more *you* must do towards keeping them than did the Scribes and Pharisees who considered themselves quite letter perfect.

The Scribes and Pharisees never, no never broke the commandments by acting against them; but *you* mustn't even *think* against them, or no heaven for you at present.

And you not only mustn't think any breaches in the commandments but you mustn't act so as to make *other* people think or act against them! No.

You mustn't commit adultery; nor even *think* of a woman owned by another man; and you mustn't throw out your wife that you're tired of without

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

divorcing her so she can *rightfully* belong to another man if he happens to be willing to take your cast-offs.

That is in plain English what Jesus said in classic Hebrew to those heathenish folk who knew no better than to treat their women as some twentieth century beasts treat an old horse.

WOULD YOU? Just read over that sermon again—the more you read it the more wonderful it grows to you—and note that not once in it does Jesus give you a *thou-shalt-not.*

And he closes with one big commandment the fulfilling of which fills full all the *thou-shalt-nots* ever uttered:

"*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them.*"

If you were a woman sold by foolish parents into marriage slavery to a brute, when you were too young and too childish to help yourself, would *you* like to be held to the slavery until death freed you? Of course not. Would you hold your own loved sister to such a bargain, if you had the say? Of course not.

Then how can you imagine that Jesus or God would be brute enough to do it? And after promulgating that golden rule at that! Foolishness. Heathenish balderdash. *Rot.* Don't cast such reflections on Jesus and God. Why, Bill Sykes or Fagin couldn't be meaner than to blast a woman's whole life like that.

HOW COMMANDMENTS ARE MADE. The fact is, God never made *one* of those commandments, nor Jesus either.

Moses began it. He communed with God and wrote out on stones *his idea of God's desire for man.* Then the very next thing he did was to break one of his own written commandments—he lied to the people, telling them *God* wrote on the stones.

God writes on *hearts,* not on stones.

Moses translated what God wrote on his heart, and scratched his translation on stones. To impress the *Children* of Israel, as God had impressed him, he yarned to them.

Not the first nor the last time a man has held that the end justifies the means. Maybe it does. Maybe.

But a lie's a lie; oh, fie, Moses.

Jesus would have stooped to write in the sand, and let the children's own imaginations supply the ever-needful miracle and self-accusing.

THAT ONE CAUSE. About that "one cause" for divorce. Jesus said *nothing at all* about whether one cause or forty were right in the sight of the law or God.

This is what he said: If a put-away wife takes up with another man the husband, who failed to give her the *right* to marry again, is guilty of *causing* the woman to commit adultery; but if he puts her away for misdeeds of a special sort and she takes up with another man, he is not guilty of *causing* her to commit adultery, for she was *already* an adulteress.

The "saving for the cause" clause is merely an interpolation, indicating that if he puts her away for committing adultery his skirts are clear of *causing* her to commit it. Jesus made no special remark as to what the man *ought* to do to her if she was already an adulteress, but his Golden Rule at the end of the sermon covers the case perfectly: "*Whatsoever ye would that she should do unto you* IF THE CASE WERE REVERSED, *do ye even so unto her.*"

Editorials. By Elizabeth.

HOLY GHOST GUMPTION. All misunderstandings of the teachings of Jesus come through the attempt at slavish adherence to the letter of his teachings, as interpreted by old man Clark and his colleagues. If you'd only read Jesus by the light of *your own common sense* that's given you by the Holy Ghost that descends upon you when you lose sight of Jesus, you'd come nearer the truth than Clark ever did.

And if you only wouldn't attribute to Jesus Christ and God diabolical cruelties that you wouldn't *dream* of committing yourself, no matter how raving mad you might be!

Gumption, dearies, gumption! God gave it you to use, whether you're reading the Bible, or a dime novel.

FOLLOWING CHRIST IN NEW THOUGHT. The real new thoughter "follows Christ," *after* the crucifixion, not before it—follows him in resurrection, into heaven and freedom.

The church teaches us to "follow Christ" through Gethsemane, betrayal, crucifixion. But it puts off—or has heretofore been putting off heaven, freedom, regeneration until after physical death. So the church teaching has led us *up to* the new thought. It took the Christ within us to lead us into it.

And the church itself is now "following Christ" right on into heaven. Note the tones that come from the pulpits today, compare them with the hell-fire and crucifixion that thundered from those same pulpits only fifty, aye, twenty-five years ago, and less. Yes, even now that thunder is reverberating diminuendo on the outskirts of the church, like Tennyson's bells of the old year, "Dying, dying, dying."

The church as a school master has been leading—and driving—men unto the Christ Jesus. Jesus is the higher school master who has been leading men unto the Christ within each. And the Christ within leads us on *through* crucifixion, self-death and resurrection into greater glories and soul-satisfaction than is dreamed of by any but the resurrected individual himself.

Was the church wrong in teaching that resurrection and freedom and joy are possible only on yonder side of the grave? *No.* That was the literal truth for nearly all of humanity up to the present age. *Evolution had to get in its work.* Up to almost the present day nearly all people had to be "born again," literally as well as figuratively, before they could distinguish the Christ in themselves.

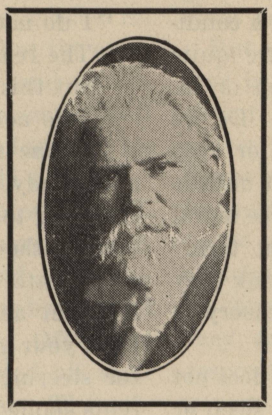
But the day is breaking fast and it will not be long now until the world will be peopled with those *born Christ-conscious.* They won't need conversion, crucifixion and death. They will have had it all in some previous incarnation.

I wonder what the next higher consciousness will be like. I suppose we can't even imagine it yet; we are only just unfolding the Christ-consciousness. The Cosmic Consciousness as Dr. Bucke calls it. The consciousness that will express in the rose-blossoming millenium. It has taken two thousand years or more for the Christ-consciousness to develop in any considerable number of people; and the first Christ-conscious one of our races, Jesus, was the flower of at least six thousand years of travail and evolution. If history repeats itself it will be six thousand years more before a higher than the Christ-consciousness manifests, and another two thousand before it begins to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea! Truly it is easy to know why eye hath not seen nor ear heard the glories that await us so far ahead!

But we are growing eyes and ears for all that, and more, too!

Think of it!—eternities of unfoldment ahead of us.

Don't let's be in a hurry.



REVEALING NIGHT.

When thru the breaking cloud-rack the round moon
Swings out into the cavern of the night;
When infinite Heavens are glassed in the lagoon,
And all the world grows mystical and white;
When stillness listens on the silvering slopes,
And all the forest hearkens, and the leaves
Hang in a silent passion of delight—
Oh then it is the heart of man believes—
Believes that Love and Beauty are supreme,
That sometime God will touch our glimmering hopes,
And life will grow as wonderous as the dream.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Are You Hypnotized?

By Henry Wood.

"Not by any means," every one will reply, and perhaps will add a challenge for anyone to put him into such a condition. You believe that you are quite free from any undue imposition or influence. But think a moment! Do we ever exercise our own intuitive or even logical faculties entirely without outside dictation? In a word, are we free moral agents in the full sense of that term? Doubtless the great majority think they are and would count any other theory as absurd.

In the larger sense hypnotism does not necessarily imply a condition of sleep or any abnormal suspension of the activity of the whole or part of the mental faculties. Any dominant force upon the mind from without which disturbs the normal poise or crowds the spontaneous intuition may be called hypnotic in degree.

Who is quite free from some unfounded or sentimental bias which "butts in" and is uncontrolled? Take a sample test. Make an effort in any specific case at issue to maintain a perfectly judicial attitude. We aim to be fair in our judgments and choices. But prejudice in some subtle form has impinged upon our theoretical impartiality and we find ourselves swept by uninvited currents which are assertive. Or suppose that you have heard some derogatory report about a person and afterwards found that it is absolutely without foundation. It is not easy to wholly restore the clear and perfect mental picture of his character which before existed. Even the hypnotic influence of the known lie has deposited its sediment. Many of our likes and dislikes are the result of a baseless bias which in reality we are aware of, and from which we would choose to be free. Perhaps many of our opinions have as slight a foundation as that set forth in the old saw:—

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

Let one make an effort to give free and steady course to some idea or ideal, resolving to avoid all intruding thoughts from without, and then note how some alien state of consciousness will crowd itself in and actually snatch the helm from your grasp. Your compass was set for steering, but psychic magnetic currents spoiled your calculation. Where is the man who is fully the executive of his own forces?

Pure originality in a person is so rare that it always excites much comment. The mass which is invariably hypnotized by conventionality cannot understand him. He is either pitied or ridiculed, and at best, looked upon as "so odd." But one who is too well poised to be jostled by the psychic waves of aberration which beat upon him should not be mistaken for one who is merely stubborn. He who is "set" is under the permanent spell of illusion and is quite the reverse of being truly independent. The latter has basic breadth and the former only narrowness. Stubbornness exhibits the utter disproportion of one doubtful opinion, while positive freedom is found only in the equilibrium of conscious relationship. He that is set, in reality is a weakling. He who is developed from within is constantly re-enforced by the nature of things, and his perception of reality is such that he is unmoved by prevailing shallow currents.

A hypnotist wills his subject to think that a glass of water is vinegar, and it has apparent reality. His consciousness

is so negative that the operator enters and deposits what he will. We are all submerged in some degree in unwarranted second-hand ideas. It is therefore difficult to remain anchored to abstract principle and truth. The novelist who can put on local color as occasion requires is rated as an artist, but the average man wears it slavishly and unconsciously. Even the facial expression is often an index of achronic theological or social bias. It has been cast in a mold.

But the collective examples of spell-bound conditions are yet more striking. The mob is often dominated by a single insane impulse. Reason is hypnotized while unreason has the stage. Often men supposedly strong are carried off their feet by a psychic contagion. The subjection of sects and parties has often been so complete that history is a series of surprises. When certain ideas have been in the ascendant men have fallen before them as grass before the scythe. Let a man of strong psychic power insist upon some arrant humbug and he will have plenty of followers, especially if he pose as a "reformer."

It is not alone strong personal wills which cast a spell over weaker ones nor is such dominance always temporary. A myth or superstition may obsess countless thousands and they may be kept at a white heat for long periods. For illustration, the rescue of the "Holy Sepulchre" from infidel control was the continued impulse which led generations captive, and the Crusades, with their uncounted victims, were the long sequential result. It is no less true that most wars are hypnotic impositions on a grand scale, being the result of waves of passion which are contrary to reason.

The Hindu fakir performs his wonderful transformation scenes in the hypnotized minds of his audience. In lesser degree the magnetism of orators and leaders weaves a spell and sets up its own conditions. The spasmodic charms of "lo here" and "lo there" movements psychologize each its susceptible group and the chaotic notions of the past come down to us with insistent force. Signs and omens clamor for recognition. The great majority still taboo 13.

But among all uncanny forces perhaps fear is the most destructive and persistent. Even when the logical faculty proves its absurdity, its pale, trembling figure springs up before us and refuses to vacate at our command. Passion, appetite and avarice also put forth their claims for mastery from within. If there be obessing intelligences from without, they can enter only through the corresponding subjective doors which our general negativity has left open.

A true and well developed individualism furnishes the only immunity against psychic invasions. At the present time there is a popular tendency toward a depreciation of the individual, as the result of the prevalence of a sentimental, materialistic socialism. /You will help the world most by making the most of yourself./ The working out and expression of self-development is not selfishness but really its opposite. But even the religious denominations are falling into the recent drift of substituting altruism for spirituality. To lead men to lean upon something outside, whether state or their neighbor, makes weaklings and delays the advent of higher conditions. A normal individualism contains a due proportion of the social element and it is the great necessity of the present era. Many who exhaust their energies in lifting others, bodily, expect a great reward for such effort, while in reality they are making both themselves and their subjects flabby and helpless. Salvation must come from within. Be kind, but give words of cheer and courage, for even well meant commiseration is often demoralizing. When every individual be-

comes a strong unit, built from within, psychic waves will beat against him in vain, and the millennium will be near at hand.

Every advance in art, science and invention is virtually a release from the limitation of servitude, a new declaration of individual freedom and independence. Through an awakening from soporific trammels the revelations of the inner self assert themselves. The shackles of tyrannical conventions hold us in thrall and true relation is disjointed. Perspective is lost and small things crowd themselves upon us and cover our whole horizon. All the large realities of heaven and earth belong to us if we will but claim our own. The inner springs of life must have free course and be kept clear from the warping limitations of external hypnotic imposition. The focal point of all real achievement may be expressed in a word—be your real self.

In the Beautiful.

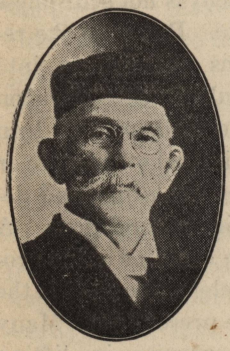
I bathe me in the beautiful,
In dreams and visions bright;
When just a little cloud appears
On the horizon of my day,
I bathe me in the beautiful
And chase the cloud away.

—Annie A. Almy.

In Tune with the Infinite.

Wonderful Rates of Matter and Mind.

By Professor Edgar L. Larkin.



It is now 8.30 a. m., Tuesday, February 5, E. M., 307, A. D., 1907. I have just returned from my regular morning vision through a fieldglass of the simply exquisite panorama below, of the by this time well-known 900 square miles of orange and lemon groves and the limitless ocean beyond. The glorious sun of California is pouring floods of light, by rates, over the amazing scene; birds are singing by rates, fields of barley green among the deeper greens of orange trees are growing by rates, and tall graceful eucalyptus trees are waving love signals to the morning sun. Magnolia trees are blooming, and almond trees are loaded with delicate flowers. Long I looked upon an expanse so beautiful that words are impotent to convey any impression to the mind of a far and away reader, however loving and sympathetic. As I looked, I wondered if I were in tune with all that I saw. Wondering I entered the mathematical computing room and began this letter to *The Nautilus.*

Now do not be frightened because it is being written in a "horrid mathematic's den"—a literary woman—a great one—called it so one day; for this entire vast monument to human genius, mathematics, stands as a tribute to rates. It is utterly impossible for me to attract the attention of the whole United States

without plagiarizing a title for the piece from good brother Ralph Waldo Trine.

Listen! I saw that distinguished author at the very instant when he placed himself in tune with the infinite! He and I were in the same college. I met him on the campus nearly every day going to and from school. We were not well acquainted, but I noticed that he was always in a "brown study." One day he stopped, stood still two or three minutes submerged in thought. A hundred students passed, he saw them not. When his book was published, I at once remembered this little thought form study on the campus. I now believe that this entire and mighty concept of harmonics came to him then and there.

Dear reader, the most rigid mathematicians know that harmonics, rates and oscillations are cardinal facts in Nature. And so do you. That inconceivable wonder of all ages, spectrum analysis is a science now so vast that I have a catalogue of books on the subject which is quite a large book itself. And all studied out since 1859, nine-tenths having been elaborated since 1880. Would that I could now summon words which could even make one faint impression on your minds regarding oscillations, now studied every minute in every year by the great spectroscopists of the world. I have an elegant Brashear spectroscope; with simply a perfect Rowland grating rolled with a diamond, 14,438 lines to the inch. When this is turned on the sun, wonders piled on wonders appear. A vision beyond anything that the earth affords bursts upon the startled eye—it is the Spectrum of the Sun. Gorgeous colors—nothing but rates—burn and blaze in unutterable beauty. The superb belt, highly magnified, seems to be a foot wide and ten long, crossed by 9,000 excessively delicate Fraunhofer lines—quenched rates. I look and keep looking hour after hour, and wish that *The Nautilus* set could be up here to see the radiant glory.

Listen again,—the entire trend of the most complex sciences is unmistakably in one direction thus: Nothing exists but corpuscles. These are either electricity or inseparable from it. Their mass is perhaps one thirty thousandth of the average mass of an atom or "ordinary" gross matter. Now I am aware that this is a tremendous statement to say that "nothing exists but corpuscles," yet I am set out and grounded in this belief. If you could come here and look over the amazing letters, pamphlets, essays, magazines and books that pour in, you would believe it also. Of course, it cannot be demonstrated at present, but the trend of science is that way. It would take a most powerful argument to convince me that anything is in existence but corpuscles. Ask a great mathematician, a man with a mind so wonderful that there is no hope for a mind not mathematical to even begin to think about it, if he can think of the dimension of a corpuscle, and he will say "No." It is so unspeakably small that a mind more powerful than a hundred million other minds cannot think of it. What will he say? He will call it a "Mathematical abstraction." And this is something that would cause the reader to rise to his feet in intense excitement, if he could get a glimpse of what these two words mean. There are perhaps fifty men in the world who can realize what they mean. But see where I am wandering—I have almost said that matter can be made to vanish before our very eyes.

"Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts: Sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in."—Spurgeon

The First Redemption.

BY ELIZABETH BOWLE.

And the Lord said unto Cain: Now art thou cursed from the earth. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

And Cain fled from place to place, until, east of Eden, he came to the land of Nod, where, being unknown, he rested and tilled the ground. And west of his tillage was that of Elim, father of the motherless little maid, Hannah.

And Hannah looked upon Cain and found him good to look upon, for he was of fine stature and his hair and his eyes were black as ebony is black.

(Whereas Hannah was like unto a little figure of pale ivory, with hair of the color of pale gold.)

And always she wondered at the sadness of his face, and at his silence, and why he said unto her: "Speak to me thou must not." And again, later, with tears in his eyes: "Speak to me thou ought not."

And it came to pass that a traveller visited the village and seeing Cain knew him and said unto the people: "This man is Cain, killer of Abel. The Lord God hath set a mark upon him. Ask him."

Then Cain, being asked, stood up before them all, and pushing the black curls from his forehead, he showed the mark, and turning, fled.

And he kneeled in the corn and cried aloud, saying: "Lord God, my punishment is greater than I can bear. I pray thee let me die here and now."

And the corn parted and before him stood the little maid, Hannah. (And the moon rose behind the hills.)

And Hannah put forth her hand and lifted his black curls, and bending, she kissed him on his forehead whereon was the mark. And Cain clasped his arms around her and held her close to his heart.

And thus, by the love of a woman, was Cain redeemed.

Practical Telepathy.

ELLEN PRICE.

LESSON I.

INTRODUCTION.

1. These lessons are to serve as an index to a series of experiences that will furnish you with material from which to draw your own conclusions as to the manner in which telepathic communication is conducted, and the process through which it is effected.

2. The direct transmission of thought from one mind to another is accomplished through the use of the finer faculties of the mind. So subtle is the power that performs this operation that we can find no basis for it in the abstract, and can grasp it only with our intuitive senses. Bearing this in mind, we will proceed to consider the laws of cause and effect, in their relation to our work, without attempting to define the process through which they operate.

3. Thought of definite form and decided character will impress a mind made receptive to it, and can directly affect the mind of another, without employing any of the physical senses. Such communication is not dependent on the conscious effort of either the mind which generates the thought or the one that receives it, and the law governing the act seems to resolve itself into the following simple form: When a truth becames apparent to the first or transmitting mind, it is formed by that mind into a definite thought, which is a living, indestructible force that awaits an indefinite time for its recognition by other minds. This applies not only to the thought but to the thinker's complete mental condition or state of consciousness. The communication of intelligence from one mind to another in this way, the simplest form of telepathy, is the one we shall first attempt to produce. To this end our attention will be turned toward the cultivation of direct and forceful thought, and the developing of the receptive faculties, which faculties we call our psychic sense.

4. The habit of thinking definitely is essential to the production of forceful thought, and is the first and most important step in the development of mental power. An undecided, vacillating thought has not sufficient force to impress itself on the mind in which it originated, much less on another mind. It is simply a waste of vital force, and only serves to retard the progress of any mental effort. So I would have you begin at once the practice of *thinking definitely* upon all subjects that present themselves to you for consideration. Give sincere thought to whatever claims your attention. Your work, study, or recreation, each in its turn, should receive full and intelligent attention, if you would develop mental power. Look upon all that enters your mind as material to be intelligently disposed of, rather than as a chaos out of which the most powerful asserts its mastery over you. Harbor no uncertain thoughts. When one presents itself, dismiss it at once and completely. Have no fear that it will be lost to you; if it is of any value, it will return in the shape of a definite thought, having taken on tangible form during its absence. When you have a vague impression of something you want to understand, study it deliberately and in careful detail until you have reached a conclusion regarding it, before leaving it to take up another. Do not, however, continue this process until you become exhausted. The practice should not exhaust you at any time, and will not so long as you are truly in-

terested in what you have under consideration. The secret of success in giving your attention to anything is *sincere interest* in it. So, when you are at liberty to choose what shall claim your attention, select that which is of vital interest to you, and give yourself up to it. When you feel that you can no longer do this without undue exertion, stop all mental effort, and open your mind to whatever may choose to enter, neither accepting nor rejecting the thoughts that go through it. Let them come and go without special attention, till you are ready to begin thinking definitely again.

5. This practice, faithfully followed, will soon clear your mind of confusion, and enable you to turn your full mental force wherever you will; and if continued until definite thought becomes a habit, the exercises that follow in our work will be but child's play. The thoughts that carry from mind to mind are the *live thoughts*, endowed with sufficient energy to project themselves.

Such thoughts do not arise from the mind's ordinary superficial efforts, but from its deeper emotions. So many have thought before us,—so many have lived and loved and suffered, leaving us a record of their passion and pain,—that we forget to express ourselves, or to think for ourselves. Love and hate, joy and sorrow, even life itself, we enclose within quotation marks, and pass across the surface of our understanding the ready-made expressions of others, instead of liberating the thoughts within us which swell up from our deeper feelings. It is these thoughts, that are born within and sweep the length of our understanding, that find their way to other minds, and if we do not give them leave they go unbidden, for they are a power that penetrates the receptive mind, regardless of the will of him who gave them life. That is why our desires impress others so easily. They have full control of our mind, and are quickly reflected in the mind ready to receive them.

6. Those who experiment in the line of telepathy often fail because they do not understand the law that governs it. Consequently they expend much energy in the attempt to project a thought that is superficial, or lacking in vitality, thus reversing the natural method of telepathic communication.

We have nothing to do with the "projecting" of thought; our part is to furnish it with sufficient force to project itself. Whatever may be the process through which it is transmitted, it must impress the thinker's mind before it can impress any other; just as a tone must be struck clear and true on one musical instrument before a perfect tone can respond from another vibrating in sympathy with it.

7. The practice of thinking definitely need not be confined to practical things alone. Building air castles is splendid practice, for the imagination is a potent factor in the development of mental power. It gives flexibility to the reasoning faculties, thus opening the way for the inflowing of subtle intelligence from other minds, and definite thought of this sort is more healthful and invigorating than vacillating, characterless thought given to the practical things of life. Exercise of the imagination should be made a mental recreation, especially by those who must ordinarily give their attention to a single line of thought; but it must not be indulged in so long as there is need of practical application of the reasoning powers, else proper relations between the two faculties will be disturbed, and inharmonious conditions will follow.

8. When you would give free rein to the imagination, first ask permission of your reason; then give yourself up to the contemplation of the happiest possibilities, with no thought whether they are

within reach or not. To question this, in a manner, suppresses the development of those finer faculties whose field of activity lies beyond the comprehension of the reasoning powers. Substitute this practice, then, for the vague, uncertain thoughts that might otherwise occupy your mind during intervals between active mental operations.

After the free action of the imagination is established, we may begin the cultivation of the receptive faculties, by taking up the study of personalities. Begin this study by simply letting yourself *sense* the personality you desire to bring into rapport with your thought; feel and symbolize it in your mind, without trying to reduce your sensations to an abstract form of expression. One's personality is the essence of his thought habits, emanating from him as a fine force, which we recognize upon coming into contact with it. The sensing of this force is our first faint conception of the thoughts which create it.

This personality, or thought force, may at first resemble some other form of life, e. g., the snake-like glitter of the eye and serpentine motions of the body that impress you in one, the suggestion of a bird that comes to you at the sight of the poise and attitude of another, the savage glare of a wild beast, or the patient look of a dumb brute that appears on the face of some wretched human being. These are types of personalities which impress you at once upon coming into the presence of those they represent; and from this impression you form your idea of the real man within. Then there are the finer grades of personalities, such as the sweet-faced woman who reminds you of a wayside flower, beaten to the ground by summer winds, yet lifting its face in gratitude to the sun; or the radiations from a rugged, cheery man may come to you like the healing balm of the pine forest, wafted to you on cooling breezes. Still more subtle and beautiful is the gracious presence that thrills you as the music of a beautiful song, or that rare soul whose simple grandeur lifts you to the heights of peace and joy. These and many more you will meet in your study of personalities, and the sensing of them will hasten your psychic development, for this force which you recognize in others is the real man, with whom you communicate through your finer senses, and who sends out to your innermost self the thoughts that are born within, whatsoever they may be. So cultivate an understanding of these personalities that impress you, for this understanding is your power and defense on the higher plane of life.

9. When you have come to recognize others through their personalities, we will enter the realm of mind. Here we shall thrill to the ceaseless throb of thought, and, through its gentle rhythm, come to know each other, and speak as mind to mind. After the strangeness has worn away, you will recognize those who walk beside you; for though at first it may seem that you are alone, yet there are others very near indeed. In this mystic land we have neither time nor distance, space nor matter, but live in the present of an endless day, and all who think and live and love as we do walk beside us. I would not have you enter with a feeling of fear, however, or of undue awe; for there are no dangers to beset you along your way. It is all as sweet and simple and near to nature as the meadows of June. But if you would recognize those who walk beside you, you must come into the silence; for it is in the Land of the Silence, where we know each other through the power of thought, that these meadows lie. So I would have you set aside a certain time each day to enter the silence. Go alone to the same quiet spot at the same hour daily. Be prompt to the minute, take a perfectly

comfortable position, and give yourself up to the contemplation of the pleasures of this journey you are about to take. Regard the mental realm as something tangible, within the cognizance of the physical senses. Picture to yourself flowery meadows stretching out in the sunshine to meet the edge of summer skies above, clear flowing streams along whose banks you are idly wandering, drinking in the beauty all about you while your thoughts come and go, sweet and silent as the sunshine. For it is the happy thoughts that flash back and forth most readily, and this is to be a pleasure trip.

10. When you have this picture firmly fixed in your mind, hold it, in a happy, careless fashion, for a little while, letting what may come and go unchallenged and unheeded in your mind, unless it is something that pleases you and you desire to make it your own.

But do not continue this mental attitude longer than a few minutes at a time, twenty minutes at most; for that will take you a long distance into the land of the silence. If you do not seem to grasp or understand anything at first, do not be discouraged; for thoughts are with you in abundance, awaiting your recognition, which will readily come when the proper mental relations between you and those with whom you would communicate have been established. Such relations are oftenest brought about through both minds being held to the same line of thought by a common purpose, which produces a sympathetic understanding, or *rapport,* between them. In this condition the forces of the two minds form a union that makes it possible for one to recognize the thoughts, impressions, or sensations of the other.

11. Let us now sum up the requirements of this lesson. They are: (1) that you shall think definitely on all subjects you are called on to consider, in order to form the habit of direct and forceful thought necessary to give power to your mental efforts to impress themselves on others' minds; (2) that during intervals between mental activities you will daily give some time to the imagining of happy circumstances, laying beautiful plans, or building air-castles, to develop flexibility of the reasoning powers and open the way to the recognition of the intelligence you desire from other minds; (3) that you take up the study of personalities, making it your practice to "sense" the inner man of those you meet, noticing the impressions made on you, and symbolizing your sensations, in order to develop your psychic sense, and (4) that you shall enter the silence each day, always at the same fixed time, making yourself receptive to such thoughts as you may desire.

(*End of the First Lesson.*)

A New Thought Easter.

The legends of the superstitious Past
Are monumental stones that block the way
To lily-scented gardens, light and life;
Entombed, thy soul awaits its Easter Day.

Break down the bars of old and dead beliefs,
And know that powerless are angels' hands
To burst a self-sealed tomb; nor may they bring
Direct command to loose thy self-made bands;

For 'tis thyself must thy good angel be,
Thou only hast the power to liberate
The soul that only thou canst keep in prison;
Thine own glad Easter Day thou must create.

—Elizabeth D. Preston.

An Easter Meditation.

"The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof!"

The power which is now raising nature from its sleep is the same power that raised Jesus from the dead. It is the power which created me—which CREATES me from day to day. I am one with it—a part of it. Hence I am power-full, peace-full, joy-full, whole, complete. I lack nothing. I fear nothing. All things are mine—now. I use what I will for my growth and development. I work serenely, easily, successfully, because the Power of which I am a part works in that way and in no other. It works without anxiety, without haste, without fatigue, without cessation. So I work. I shall never more be idle. Spirit is never idle. It does not grow tired. It cannot be sick or exhausted. It cannot be frightened nor hurt. It will not die. Hence, I feel neither anxiety for the present, nor fear for the future. "God's in his heaven; all's well with the world!"

I shall pass on from glory to glory as inevitably as the seasons. I shall grow more and more responsive to the Sun of my soul. I shall bud and blossom and bring forth fruit—to-day, to-morrow, next week, next year, and so on into the infinite reaches of the life eternal.

—Florence M. Kingsley.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER VI.

NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT OF WILL POWER.

"Burnt offerings for sin thou wouldst not. * * * Lo, I come to do thy will, Oh, God!"—Heb. x: 8-9.

In human life I seem to see three different forms of manifestations of energy, which for convenience' sake I am going in this article to call physical, mental, and spiritual. Physical energy is what we have been treating of in this series of articles; proving that it is not drawn from food, but is received in sleep. It is the life force of the organism, the work power of the body. Mental energy is thought power. I do not know what the difference between physical work power and thought power may be; I do not know whether there is a difference or not; but I know that there are individuals who have a great deal of physical power and apparently very little thought power; and there are others who have a great deal of thought power and very little vital energy; and so I will consider them as separate forms of force. We will, therefore, adopt this hypothesis; that you display three forms of energy; first, the physical power, which carries on the work of the material body, and second, the power which runs your think-machine. I do not know what your think-machine is, or where it is; I do not know whether you think with your brain or not; I am inclined to think that you do not; but anyway, I know that you have a thinker, because you think; and I know that it takes power to operate your thinker, because thought is a force itself, and cannot be produced without the expenditure of force. So I know that you have a thinker and that it takes power to run it; and I am assuming that this power is different from physical energy, although I do not know that it is; but it makes my point a little clearer to speak of physical energy and thought power as if they were different things.

Now, this thinker of yours is absolutely indifferent to moral considerations. It knows nothing, and cares nothing about good and evil. There is no connection between thought power and goodness. Bad people often have much thought power, and many excellent souls have very little. A devil may be a very keen and acute thinker, and a saint may be almost destitute of reasoning power. Your thinking machine works in the direction in which you set it running. If you start it planning to execute a noble deed of charity, it will go on and arrange all the details, and if you put it at work on a plan to rob a bank, it will work on the details of that plan just as readily. I think you will agree with me, however, that you have, at least in a rudimentary way, the power to control and direct your think-machine. You tell it to think about this, and it does; or to cease thinking about this, and to consider that, and it obeys you. So you see here are the three forms of power I have mentioned—first, physical power; second, thought power, and third, the power to control and direct the thought.

Now, it is this power to control and direct the think machine that we wish to develop. The trouble is that there are too many other forces operating it. Some one, or some thing, starts it running on the fear thought or the thought of despondency and discouragement, and it runs away from us; we want to master it completely, so that it will only work on the thoughts of hope and faith and love and health; how to do it is the question;

how to develop this power of control. For it is not a thing to be acquired, but one to be developed; we have it within.

Did your thinking-machine ever run away with you along the line of self pity? First, it says, you are not appreciated; you are not understood; those around you do not realize how fine your nature is, and how delicate your sensibilities are! They are all blind, callous, selfish; they do not love you as they ought, they do not see, or seem to care how they make you suffer! Ah well, they will be sorry, when it is too late! And then your imagination runs on and you see yourself sick, dying, dead—and your weeping friends stricken with awful remorse, standing around your coffin and wishing they had treated you better—did your thinker ever get started on that line? And when it reached a certain point did not something else seem to rise up within you and say: "Nonsense! You know better than all this! Stop it, and think sense!" It was as if the engine was running away while the engineer was asleep, and he suddenly awakened and assumed control. This engineer is always within you. You have always faith and hope and love at the center of your being. You do not have to acquire them from without, but to arouse them within. The engineer is there, but he is like one in a tomb, asleep; he must hear the voice and come forth. That is salvation. "You who were dead in trespasses and sins hath he quickened," said St. Paul, who was very scientific. To be dead in trespasses and sins is simply to have lost control of your thinker. The engineer is in a dead sleep, and the sin thought and the fear thought and the disease thought are running the engine. The force works undirected. How shall we waken the engineer, and get him "quickened" so he will stay awake? How shall we vitalize this third principle, and get the power of control over our own internal forces? This is the supreme question. We know how to charge the battery of vital power in sleep; how shall we energize the soul?

Let me point you to the connection between silence and physical power. When you want vital energy you have to quit reaching, snatching, and grabbing for it, and just lie and shut your eyes and let it come. To charge the brain with power you must get still; stop the busy hand, close the eye, suspend the action of the senses; and life comes in. Cease all activities, and couple on to the one Eternal life as to a dynamo, and get charged. That is the process. Why not try it in charging the will? Suspend all other work and make connection with the Eternal Will, and receive spiritual power as we receive physical energy; why not?

I wonder if any reader of *The Nautilus* was ever in an old-fashioned Quaker meeting, where the congregation sat in silence for an hour? If you were, you know something of how it feels to be in an atmosphere surcharged with spiritual power. For a hundred devout men and women to sit together in perfect silence for an hour, with their thoughts withdrawn from earthly things and their souls open toward God—it is no wonder that the early Quakers were spiritual giants and giantesses. It is a great pity that the friends of the present day have fallen in line with the practices of their competitors and fill every moment of their meetings with gibble, gabble, gobble, —words, words, words! The marked spiritual power which once distinguished the Quakers came to them in their silent meetings, and they have lost it with the discontinuance of the practice. The silent meeting was scientific; it was in line with the law of transmission of life, and to that law you must individually conform if you are to have energy of soul.

So, this is the method. Go into your closet and shut the door. Get by your-

self in the quietest place you can find, and where you may be free from interruption for a little while. And sit down; relax the body; rest. And now, stop thinking. You have not gone apart to meditate, or to think about God, or about anything else. Stop thinking; silence; be still. And when you are still begin to pray. Now this is a wordless prayer, and a prayer without thought. You are not to pray with the thinking-machine but with the will. You are not to think thoughts and tell them to God; nor are you to ask Him to think thoughts and tell them to you. You are not seeking God's thoughts but His energy. You do not wish to hitch your thinker to His thinker, but to unite your will to His will. You will readily see that if there is a purpose in the universe, there must also be a will behind the purpose, and this will must be the source of all will power. Get rid of the notion that there is any connection or similarity between stubbornness and will power. Will power is power to control and direct your own thought. It is spiritual energy and comes by connection with the universal will, in like manner as physical energy comes by connection with One Life.

What manner of prayer, then, will connect your will with the will of God? Only this, and no other:

"I will do Thy will, Oh, God!"

That is all the prayer you need. "Not every man that sayeth unto me Lord, Lord, but he that willeth to do the will of my Father shall enter the Kingdom." To will to do the will of God is the sum of all religion. It is the highest possible assertion of self-hood. It comprehends all possible good effort, and shuts off all evil. It suspends all activity but God's and holds the soul in silence before Him. It is the greatest assertion of will power of which man is capable. Angels can do no more. And that within you which wills to do the will of God is the power which can direct and control your thought. Exercise it; call it into activity. Sit in the silence and hold your soul on the will to do the will of God. When you cannot or do not wish to concentrate longer, arise and go out. Do this every day or twice a day; and whenever your thinker gets beyond your control for an instant, will to do the will of God. You will find yourself in the way of power and life; you will draw spiritual power from God in the silence by day as you draw vital energy from Him in the silence of night.

"For I do not my own will, but the will of Him that sent me."

"Not my will, but thine."

"I do always His will."

That, beloved, is the way to get will power; and will power is the spiritual ability to control and direct yourself in thought and deed, internal and external.

And now, here are the conclusions: Never eat unless you are hungry. If you are a hard worker or a young person, eat two moderate meals a day. If a brain worker, an invalid or an old person, eat only one meal and not much at that.

Sleep in pure air.

Think good thoughts.

And acquire power to do all these things by willing to do the will of God.

"Not farther off, but farther in,
Such is the nature of your quest,
They Heaven find who Heaven win,
The one true Christ is in your breast."

—J. W. Chadwick.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter XVI.

More about macrocosmic activities in the microcosm.

Conclusion of this Chapter.

Now, please do not ask me how you are to know when this *Tattva,* or any other special one, is flowing normally or is disturbed. I have described the varied activities and effects of the different *Tattvas* within the human entity with much more detail than has ever before been attempted. I have analyzed them as only long study and unceasing practice and experiment could enable one to do, and you have had the benefit of my research as fully and as clearly expressed as the space at my command permits. I cannot, however,, supply the application and the perseverance *individually needed* before you can make this detail your own. Without the exercise of these faculties, you can never hope to gain a practical knowledge of the *Tattvas.* It is not a thing that can be poured over you "in words, mere words." *You must think yourself.* Remember what I told you in an early chapter: that the Hindu teacher never imparts any fact to a student which by *long meditation* he can find out for himself.

It is not by once reading, but only after many readings and *some thinking* that you can reasonably expect to master the mass of detail contained in these chapters; the difficulty being the greater because the subject is—to most readers —absolutely novel. But it is only by thus mastering it that anyone can make a personal application of this Law of Life.

When our feet press the earth we receive the strongest and purest vibrations of *Prithivi,* which is the secret of the exhilaration we feel when we can get into the real country, and of the benefit to nerves and soul derived from long country tramps. This fact also discloses the deep philosophy of Father Kneipp's barefoot treatment. In the early morning before the day's struggle and conflict have generated discord (this especially in large communities where human beings are herded closely), the vibrations are at the highest state of harmonic activity; and when the feet tread the dew-wet grass, the double benefit is gained of receiving the two most favorable *Tattvas* in their freshest and most refined, highly electrified states. On our planet, the *Prithivi* vibrations are negative to *Tejas* (Mars) and positive to *Apas* (Venus); thus water is negative to the earth. Most dwellers in large cities, where the earth is for the most part solidly encased in stone and brick and asphalt, are grievously handicapped, for it is seldom that their feet come in direct contract with Mother Earth. The efficacy of mud-baths can be obtained by encouraging in more congenial ways the flow of *Prithivi!*

The planetary influence of Venus upon terrestrial life is very important as the *Apas Tattva* which predominates in that near and brilliant planet is the unifying element that gives to organized matter its quality of stability. In dry seasons all the green things of earth suffer and many of them quickly fade and perish because Mars unites with the Sun to divert or absorb the cooling and refreshing *Apas* vibrations from Venus, and their own rays increase proportionally in fervor and burning power.

As five-sixths of the human body is composed of water it is of the utmost

importance that opportunity be given for the fullest normal play of the *Apas Tattva;* and this, you will remember, requires that the lowest cells in the lungs be filled. Tight-lacing inhibits this absolutely, as it holds the lower lobes of the lungs in a vise-like grip; and usually it prevents anything approaching a free movement of the diaphragm. The practice is slow suicide, yet women revive the iniquitous custom—as at present—whenever fashion gives the command.

The stability of *Apas* is recognized in that manifestation of *Prana* which is known as *Vyana;* the force which, during life, keeps the whole body in shape and resists the breaking down and disintegration of its tissues.

Next to the deprivation of fresh air, perhaps the most prolific source of human ills is from stinting the body in its supply of pure water inside and out. As a rule, those who drink water most freely, take it when they should not,—with their meals, when the important digestive fluids need to be undiluted in order to put in their fine work. The greatest benefit derived from visits to famous European "cures" is due not half so much to the special virtue of the mineral water as to the fact that for several weeks the business of life is the drinking of water in quantities limited only by the ability to swallow it. If people formed the habit of drinking pure water freely between meals and, especially, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, they would not need to "take the cure."

Water is the mystical symbol of the soul because it is ever chemically pure. While it is the great solvent, it is also the absolvent and purifier, for whatever of foulness it takes up is held in suspension and can be eliminated by distillation. And thus it is with the soul. Its "saving" is the choice of freeing itself from the passions and errors of the material, sense life. The pure, self-controlled soul and the physical body wherein it dwells—which ever and always reflects the power controlling it—are alike freed from the Karma—the impurity—of unfavorable planetary vibrations which sow discord and incite to evil.

Never lose sight of the fact that the Sun is the source of the *Pranic,* or life-current, which contains in itself all the *Tattvas;* but the variations in the proportions of the *Tattvas* injected into the life-current come from the planetary currents, in every one of which the ruling *Tattva* of the planet predominates. It is interesting to know that the spectrum of Venus shows the presence of watery vapor. Thus it is that the activities of the macrocosm are reflected in the microcosm.

It is in the pulmonary manifestation of *Prana* that the *Tattvic* condition of the vital currents can be most indisputably ascertained; for every *Tattva* throws the elastic spongy cells of the lungs into the form of its characteristic vibration. Thus when the *Apas Tattva* is prevalent, the cells expand in crescent-like shape. When *Tejas* predominates, they are triangular, and with *Vayu* spherical; and various modifications of these geometrical forms indicate the *Tattvic* permutations. The test suggested for examining these is to hold a brilliant-surfaced mirror before the mouth to intercept the exhalations. The vapor as it condenses upon the cool surface will take the form of the vibration dominant at the moment; and it can be best seen by another person looking over the shoulder of the one whose breath is under examination, as of course these vapor cells are extremely evanescent.

We have now identified the planetary correspondencies with all the *Tattvas,* and there yet remains the smallest and swiftest of the heavenly host, Mercury, who yields nothing in importance to the more brilliant and better-known orbs. He is the bond of union, and truly "the messenger of the gods." How he performs this office I shall try to make plain in the next chapter.

The Nervous System of Jesus.

By Salvarona.

Chapter V.

The nervous sensitiveness to touch, of Jesus—or, of his sense of pressure referred to some point on the surface of his body—would depend upon what part of his body was touched. If he possessed the sensitiveness to touch of the average adult Hebrew, the following are the places on his body where his sensations of touch would be the greatest as indicated by millimetres.

(1) Center of his back; upper arm and thigh of Jesus 67.7
(2) Middle of the neck of Jesus .. 67.7
(3) Back of the lower fifth joint of the spine of Jesus 54.1
(4) The neck of Jesus 54.1
(5) The forearm and leg of Jesus . 45.1
(6) His sacrum 44.6
(7) His knee 36.1
(8) His crown 33.8
(9) Under his chin 33.8
(10) Back of his hand 31.6
(11) Hinder part of his head 27.1
(12) His forehead 22.6

The nerve touch corpuscles in the tips of the fingers of Jesus would be one three-hundredths of an inch long, by one five hundredths of an inch in breadth.

For Jesus to touch a leper—with a view to cure him—meant a voluntary reflex nervous action of certain nerve centers of the brain of Jesus. Glance at these.

(a) Obviously the reason why Jesus touched the leper was because he first saw and heard the man. In order for Jesus to see the leper, a special series of nervous optical machines—in the inner hinder part of the brain of Jesus—had to be in good working order, and in perfect conducting connection, by nerve fibers, with the retina of the eye of Jesus. The two thousand cones in the center of the retina of the eye of Jesus would have to be sound, and capable of receiving on them 757 billions of pulsations of light per second, in order for him to see the leper. For Jesus to hear the leper's cry, the air-vibrations started in motion by the lungs and the voice of the leper, would have to pass through the three ears of Jesus—external, middle and internal—and, moreover, the 3,000 small arches formed by the rods of Corti in the third, or internal ear of Jesus, would have to be in such a healthy state, as to permit a minimum limit of auditory vibrations. Moreover, the air-strata would also have to be of sufficient density for the sound to be loud enough to reach the ears of Jesus. The object for the existence (within the inner nervous structure and nerve machinery of the brain of Jesus) of these deep inner organs of sight and hearing; and upon which, the outer organs—eye and ear—depended, was this. The inner nervous structures were the places where duplicate forms—of the chemical pictures of the form and color of the lepers which formed themselves on the outside retina of Jesus—were transformed into internal ether-pictures, or inside mind-pictures; so that they could be preserved, according to the law of the Conservation of Mental Energy. And also, as a present guide, by which Jesus could the better co-ordinate his mind-pictures, and direct his mental activities in their relations to the leper.

(b) But, in order for Jesus to use his muscles to walk to where the leper was, and to turn his eyeballs more fully in the direction of the leper; and to regulate the quantity of light that should enter his eye (as the light was reflected from the body of the leper) another inside brain, or nerve-machine, within the

skull of Jesus would have to be used by him. For, before Jesus could touch the leper, the might of his own Compassionate Will, as psychological force, would have to act on and through his own motor nerve forces, moving one hundred feet per second, on the muscles of his arm, giving him the power to extend it. Now, the letters of the name of this special nerve machine, within the brain of Jesus, and which he was conditioned to use to co-ordinate this muscular class of his voluntary actions, are capable of forming the anagram, a strait corpora, a narrow pass, the corpora striata. For, through this narrow pass, also ran motor nervous forces to the muscles of his eyeballs, and iris, and other organs, as he stepped forth to touch the leper.

The Nervous System of Jesus was a system or order of nervous forces, powers, energies and motions. A nervous force is that vital motor cause—which—moving along our nerve fibers about one hundred feet per second—automatically creates the directions of the motions of the molecules of our tissues. Unless acted upon by emotion, desire, passion; some thought-forces of the mind; a composition of nervous forces maintain the vital direction of their motions by inertia.

Of the nerve machine in the brain of Jesus, which, by an anagram, I call—A Striat Corpora—the narrow pass of the soul—the corpora striata—as it exists in other brains—the following facts are known: If one of its parts is cut, so that the thought-force of the Mental Will cannot unite with the nervous forces and guide them, the body will rotate, describe a curve or arch. If another part is cut, the body will rush forward. In both instances, as Mental Will is absent, the nervous forces maintain the directions of the motions of the vital molecules by inertia. In a word, the body is always fated to move in the same plane, an irrestible propulsion to move straight forward, or rotate, or form a tetanic arch, because of the absence of any thought-force of the Mental Will to remove it from the plane in which, at any time, it may be moving.

"Breath is Life, and the greatest of all miracles is breath, because life itself only exists from one breath to another. He who only half breathes only half lives, but he who breathes the rhythmic breath and establishes an interval between one breath and another, is in rhythm with the Tatwas (universal etheric vibration), can prolong his life and control his nerves and circulation."—Buddha.

Practical Self-Healing.

By William E. Towne.

Nothing—no-thing—nor anybody can heal you without your consent and co-operation.

If you apply to a regular physician, you must take his remedies and follow his instructions or you get no help.

If you employ an osteopath, you must submit to his manipulations.

And if you employ a mental healer you have to accept the statements of truth which he makes for you, before you can manifest them in your body. No healing process can be grafted upon you from the outside, without your co-operation.

Therefore, all real healing is self-healing. That is, it is *yourself and Nature* that do the work.

You co-operate with Nature and she does the rest—whether you employ pills, manipulation or Christian Science as your vehicle of healing.

The most that any kind of a healer can do for you is to point out the way.

If you are to be permanently cured, you must lay hold of health yourself in a lusty and wholesouled manner.

The healer helps you by inspiring faith. And faith is the first and greatest requisite for a cure. Faith lets down the barriers to the healing powers of Nature. Faith renders you passive and hopeful and susceptible to the planting of health vibrations.

But you can take your faith right straight to Nature and the Principle of Life, and not get your health second-hand through a physician or healer.

Health is harmony of vibration.

To establish harmony, get yourself quiet. Prepare to "loaf and invite your soul." Sit right down in a chair, or lie down on your back and relax.

Remember that you are going to *let* the organs of your body do their work. In many cases the reason they don't is because you are scared and prevent them, by your fear-thoughts, from performing their natural functions.

When you are quiet and relaxed, then set your thoughts steadily in the direction of health and harmony.

The Life Principle is omnipresent. It is always ready to fill you with harmony and health and strength if you will *let* it.

The Power, the Life Principle, by which you were brought into this world, and by which you have been kept alive thus far, is still doing business at the same old stand.

What you need to do is to get back into a *realization* of your oneness with Omnipresent Life.

After you have relaxed and set your mind running in the right direction, keep busy and forget your troubles.

The short-cut to health is never found by dwelling on your troubles. When you are tempted to think of them, just REMEMBER THE OMNIPRESENCE OF LIFE.

Fill your mind with this one thought, and your body will begin to be filled with health and new vigor.

Self healing is the *realization* of Life, through faith.

Death and disease are simply negations of Life, and they manifest *first* in your consciousness.

Therefore, saturate your mind with thoughts of OMNIPRESENT LIFE and you will begin to manifest it.

There is never any lack of Life. Only we get tired in our efforts to manifest Life, because we try too hard instead of letting Life live through us. We want to do Nature's work for her. We want to *force* things to go this way and that way, as we think they ought to go. So we get tangled in troubles of our own devising and wander away from the one eternal *Source* of Life and Harmony.

Don't watch yourself, but keep your mind occupied and think of the Life you desire to manifest.

Let go of rules and formulas and directions so far as possible, even of those I am giving you here, and trust the Life Principle for yourself.

Speak for *yourself* the word of health and harmony. Do not allow yourself to waver and doubt. *Go ahead and do something.* Try. Keep the thousand and one negations and fears out of your mind.

Healing is really just a matter of opening your eyes to the Truth. It is first a change in your consciousness which leads to a change in vibrations.

Set your face steadily towards the light, and keep your mind filled with images of Life, and you will find the hidden powers of your soul, your Real Self, unfolding day by day. And you will grow into a consciousness of your oneness with the One Life, the source of all health, harmony and power.

Health, Happiness and Busy Hands.

By William E. Towne.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

There is no man, woman or child so truly deserving of pity as the one who has nothing to do.

Work is self-expression and self-expression is life.

The habitually idle person is bound to be unhappy and is already in process of dying.

And the person who works *always* with his mind and never with his hands is unbalanced—not properly poised. It takes actual daily use of the hands to develop a man as he should be developed.

The man whose work is mental needs physical labor for recreation.

The woman who is tied to dish washing and housework and tending babies thinks she would be "perfectly happy" if she could have a hired girl or two to do the work for her.

But she wouldn't. You know distance always clothes a thing with a big bunch of enchantment, and it's so in this case. For it is a truth that no human being can be really happy and healthy with nothing to do.

Of course many of you think you have too much to do. And of course a good thing may become monotonous. But too much work is better than too little.

Just look at the pitiful subterfuges for work which rich people are forced —by custom and their own ignorance— to accept. Bridge parties, where the fierce, unnatural excitement of the gambler is substituted for healthy emotion, with the result that the craving for newer and stronger excitement is fed and fostered and lassitude and world-weariness grow apace. Pink teas for foolish little dogs—of far less intelligence and attractiveness than the plain shepherd dog who lives on a farm—or for dressed up and befurbelowed monkeys. Think of grown people being so unutterably foolish!

No wonder that the people who live in this way have to be entertained constantly. No wonder they never like to be alone for a minute.

The self-reliant worker is developing both brain and body, and he is the one who really gets the most out of life.

Any kind of work focusses and develops the mind. It cultivates concentration. All your energies develop by *use,* and work furnishes the outlet for energy which, denied an outlet, would be turned *in,* there to perish or be exhausted in the service of evil—the negations of life.

So, readers of *Nautilus,* as you go about your daily baking, dishwashing, baby tending, stock feeding, plowing, planting, woodcutting, clerking, bookkeeping, typewriting, or other work, do not take with you a downcast face and a fretful air.

Remember that "only by thought can labor be made happy," and give your best thoughts to your work. Then you will find it becomes more interesting. Make it more and more truly an expression of yourself. Stamp it with your individuality, and see that it is well done.

And remember that instead of standing between you and happiness, work is really your greatest source of happiness.

Don't wait until you find just the kind of work you think you want to do before trying to do your best. You may have to wait a long time if you start out that way. But if you take what is next to you, what is right at hand and do

your best, you'll find it's a short-cut to greater health, happiness and success.

The energy spent in fighting against what you do not like to do—or think you do not like to do—would be sufficient to accomplish the work and leave a handsome surplus for doing what you *do* like to do, when the opportunity comes.

Briefs.

By William E. Towne.

* * * Probably the first faith healer to advertise was King Charles the II, of England. On the 18th of May, 1664, the following notice was issued by command of his majesty: *"His sacred majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of the people for the evil, during the month of May, and then give over until Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof that the people may not come up to town in the interim, and thus lose their labor."* The people believed that the king's touch would heal scrofula, and kindred diseases, which it did in accordance, we presume, with the degree of their faith.

* * * Horace Greeley was exceedingly absent-minded. One night when there were callers at the house, says *Modern Housekeeping,* and he was deeply engaged in some political discussion, his wife passed around some indigestible refreshments in the way of cake. Mr. Greeley, completely absorbed in his discussion, took the plate when it was passed to him and proceeded to eat the entire lot of cake. His wife disliked much to interrupt him, so she watched him, with horrified gaze, while he ate the whole mess. Knowing that ancient cheese was a good digestive, she passed the cheese plate to him, as she had the cake, and he proceeded to dispose of all the cheese. It is recorded that he never felt any ill effects from this repast, and his wife's faith in cheese as a digestor was greatly strengthened.

* * * If you are an observer of nature you have doubtless noticed, and been thrilled by, the first tiny, faint quickening that betokens the coming of spring. Here we are, with three or four feet of snow on the ground, thermometer ten below or so almost every night, the wind whistling around the windows like an angry demon, when lo! And behold! A soft, intangible, silent *something* has taken place. There is a suggestion of balminess in the air. It *feels* different. And although old winter may bluff and bluster again for days at a time, yet you know that his career is nearing its end. It's worth living in New England just to *feel* the coming of spring.

* * * So the United States Senate has declined—by a vote of forty-two to twenty-eight—to unseat Reed Smoot of Utah. All lovers of American Liberty should be glad of this decision. It must be plain to anyone using good common sense that the *real* cause of the opposition to Senator Smoot was the fact that he was a Mormon, and not because he was reported to be a polygamist. The good people who have worked so hard to get Mr. Smoot turned out of the Senate may have fooled *themselves* into thinking it was because he was a polygamist. But would these people have worked equally as hard against any other senator who had been proven guilty of relations similar to those charged against the Senator from Utah?

* * * The regular readers of *Nautilus* begin to inquire about *Netop.* We hope to have something to tell you about it in the April number. It's almost too early yet. But Elizabeth has sent for several seed catalogs, and purchased as much as 25 cents worth of seeds—which I shall plant later on, I hope. This su-

gar weather makes us think about *Netop*. I expect Byron Smith is boiling sap among his "Maple Brook" trees, which are close by *Netop*. Mr. Smith's farm is called "Maple Brook Farm."

* * * We flatter ourselves here in America that it is only in our day and country that woman is accorded the high place which she deserves. But it is recorded that among the ancient people in the north of Europe—whom the Romans called "barbarians," and from whom we Anglo-Saxons descended—woman was looked upon not only as the equal but in many ways the superior of man. Indeed, the old Scandinavians regarded their women as semi-divine. An old chief, when asked concerning his religion said, "Ask our women, for they stand near to God, and what they tell us we believe, though we do not always live up to it." The men of this ancient race were in the habit of obeying their women in the matter of drinking, so that excess was always avoided. The women always decided whether the men should go to war or not. A people can rise no higher than its source—and that source is its women.

* * * I am in receipt of a unique newspaper from Dawson, Canada. It is a weekly, and sells for the modest price of twenty-five cents per copy or $1.50 per month. Delivered by carrier, $2.00 per month. There are black headlines on every page which ought to make Arthur Brisbane turn green with envy. It is a cleanly printed, attractive looking sheet.

The Energies of Men.

By Prof. William James, of Harvard University.

[*Prof. William James of Harvard (and president of the American Philosophical Association), has just sent to Salvarona his presidential address of Dec. 28, 1906, giving to Salvarona the special and exclusive right of making public any feature of the address, which, in the opinion of Salvarona, may specially pertain to the new thought movement. Here follows Prof. James' 328 words, which, in his presidential address, have a special bearing on new thought.*]

We are just now witnessing—but our scientific education has unfitted most of us for comprehending the phenomenon—a very copious unlocking of energies by ideas, in the persons of those converts to "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Metaphysical Healing," or other forms of spiritual philosophy, who are so numerous among us today. The ideas here are healthy-minded and optimistic; and it is quite obvious that a wave of religious activity, analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism is passing over our American world. The common feature of these optimistic faiths is that they all tend to the suppression of what Horace Fletcher calls "fear thought." Fear thought he defines as "the self-suggestion of inferiority," so that one may say that these systems all operate by the suggestion of power. And the power, small or great, comes in various shapes to the individual; power, as he will tell you, not to "mind" things that used to vex him; power to concentrate his mind; good cheer; good temper; in short, to put it mildly a firmer, more elastic moral tone. The most genuinely saintly person I have ever known is a friend of mine now suffering from cancer of the breast. I do not assume to judge of the wisdom or unwisdom of her disobedience to the doctors, and I cite her here solely as an example of what ideas can do. Her ideas have kept her a practically well woman for months after she should have given up and gone to bed. They have annulled all pain and weakness; and given her a cheerful active life; unusually beneficent to others to whom she has afforded help. How far the mind-cure movement is destined to extend its influence, or what intellectual modifications it may yet undergo, no one can foretell. Being a religious movement, it will certainly outstrip the previsions of its rationalist critics.

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story by Eleanor Kirk.

For Boys and Girls, Young or Old, who may Think they "Can't" Do Things.

Chapter VIII.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

Adele was almost too happily surprised to speak when she entered the drawing room on her way to dinner and found Miss Eaton there. But Tom, who had come in at the same time, was quite equal to the situation.

"Glad to see you, Miss Eaton," he said. "Why I have heard so much about you that I should have known you anywhere."

"I am glad I do not seem strange to you," the guest replied. "I have never heard so very much about you," she added, "but I am sure of one thing" —

"What's that?" interrupted Tom.

"That we shall be good friends," was the smiling response.

"Sure's you live," said Tom, "but what's the matter with you, Dellie? I never knew you so still. Struck with anything?"

"I guess I'm still because I'm so glad," the girl replied. Oh! mamma why didn't you tell me so that I might have had it to anticipate?"

"I don't think there is anything very nice about anticipation," Tom broke in again. "May be it will rain or snow or somebody 'll be sick or die or something, and then you wish you hadn't expected anything."

"I am afraid Miss Eaton will think you are a great pessimist, Tom," said Mr. Merrill facetiously.

"Couldn't you have used some other word papa?" the boy inquired. "If there is a word I hate it is that word pessimist. It makes you feel all schrunched up, kinder withered and dry and mean."

A hearty laugh followed this remark, and then Miss Eaton quite won the boy's heart by saying that she had much the same feeling.

"I've often thought," said Mr. Merrill, "that it would be safer to be wicked than small."

"Oh! papa," exclaimed Mrs. Merrill, "Miss Eaton will certainly consider *you* a hardened sinner."

"I understand exactly what Mr. Merrill means," the visitor replied.

"I think I do, too," said Adele, joining in the conversation for the first time. "There is a girl in my class who makes up faces at all nice things, the big things, you know, that the teachers tell us, and when she goes out she says —did you ever hear such fairy tales? She knows everything and she doesn't know anything. I suppose she is one of those persons that you call—call"—

"Pessimists," said her father.

"Yes," Adele replied, "and then there is another girl who is up to all sorts of mischief, and I guess she tells fibs once in a while, but she never contradicts or makes up scornful faces, and every one likes her—Oh! so much better than the other girl. What would you call her?"

"How would a naughty optimist do?" suggested Mr. Merrill.

"I think Oh's in words are so nice," said Adele. "I think glory is the most beautiful word ever made. I often say it over and over to myself when I am going to school."

"Don't you mean when you are coming home?" Tom interrupted.

"I say it both ways," was the unsuspicious answer.

"I thought perhaps you might feel more like saying it after you had finished your sums," the boy responded, his face all aglow with the spirit of mischief.

"I guess there are a good many days that I haven't felt like saying it at all," Adele replied simply. "But let me tell you some more about glory. One cold, cold morning last winter on my way to school I was saying it just as hard as I could—glory—glory—glory! Oh! I was so happy and warm and everything looked so pleasant. Well, I had got nearly to school when I met a woman with a little baby in her arms. That poor woman was almost frozen to death, and I guess the baby was quite. It's face was as white as snow."

"Did you look at it Dell?" Mrs. Merrill inquired with a shudder, "and touch it?"

"Yes, mamma, why not?"

"You poor, ignorant child, you might have caught something. You must never do such a thing again."

"I'll bet she caught something that put an end to her glory," Tom broke in, his fine face lighted up with real sympathy.

"Yes, Tommy, it did. I really thought I should never say it again."

"Were you able to help the woman in any way?" Miss Eaton inquired.

"Well," said Adele, "I took her into a drug store and the man there was so good. He fixed her a big glass of hot malted milk, and then he took the baby in his arms and looked at it. Do you know I never go by that drug store without thinking of Jesus Christ. I love that man. I shall always love him. Well, the woman couldn't drink the milk, and then the druggist said he thought it was an ambulance case and that he would take care of it, and for me to run along to school. When I went back in the afternoon he said the baby was not quite dead, and that they had gone to some Bureau of something where they would be taken good care of."

"And *then* you said glory again," Tom remarked.

"Yes, I did," was the sweetly fervent reply. "Oh! Tommy, sometimes you do know things."

"The woman was doubtless an imposter," said Mrs. Merrill with some irritation.

"A frozen imposter. Well, that is funny," said Tom, and added, "I guess she felt pretty bad whatever she was."

They were now in the large beautiful library upstairs. Adele sat close to Miss Eaton. Mrs. Merrill thought altogether too close, for she frequently reminded her that she must be troublesome, but the chair would hitch again, apparently of its own accord, and mamma was obliged at last to cease protesting.

"Miss Eaton," the hostess began again, "do you think it was right for Adele to expose herself in that way?"

"I don't see that she did expose herself," the guest replied.

"But the woman or that baby might have had some horrible disease."

"Yes."

"And Adele might have caught it."

"Impossible. Our little girl had no fear."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything. Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ catching things? Did you ever hear of his being afraid of things?"

"But Miss Eaton"—Mrs. Merrill's face expressed the utmost surprise and disapproval—"Jesus Christ was the especial son of God, and of course he could do whatever he wished to do."

"The same spirit was in Adele when she tried to help the woman and baby that was in Christ Jesus," was the solemn response, "and it is in all of us whenever we perform an unselfish action."

"Why, I see that," said Tom. "Why Jesus Christ healed lepers—lepers, mamma, and he never caught leprosy, and that's the thing everybody is most afraid of."

"I have often thought about that when I have been in Sunday School and church, but it never seems real when you get out," said Adele.

"And it never seems real to me when I'm in," Tom remarked. "I guess because the folks don't believe it themselves."

Mr. Merrill had been a most interested listener to this conversation. How had these children picked up these ideas, he asked himself. They had received no special religious training and there had been no discussion of these subjects at home.

"I don't think your remark is quite fair, Tom," he said. "If you do not receive good from your Sunday School it is your fault."

"It is something like this it seems to me," said Adele. "Now the other Sunday we just did have a beautiful lesson. It was about that poor, old, blind Bartimeas who followed Jesus all over, bound and determined that he would be healed of his blindness, and Jesus did heal him. Of course he did. Oh! It made me feel so happy, and I asked the teacher why blind folks and sick folks could not be cured the same way now, and she told me it was because we had no Jesus Christ in these days, and that I must not ask such questions. That hurt my feeling some how, and when we were dismissed, I went to the park and bought a whole quart of peanuts and played with the squirrels. I didn't want to speak to anybody."

There was a pause here which no one seemed inclined to break.

"You found the squirrels good company, I am sure," Miss Eaton with glistening eyes at last remarked.

"Oh! yes," was the enthusiastic reply, "and do you know such a funny thing happened. I put some peanuts on each of my shoulders and two of the cunning things jumped up at the same time, and one of them sat there and ate for as much as half a minute, I guess. Miss Eaton," and now the child grew very earnest again—"it can't be that all of those lovely stories of Jesus Christ are fairy tales, can it?"

"No, Adele," was the positive response, "and there is just as much of Jesus Christ in the world as there ever was. All that was true in those days is true now. Play with the squirrels, dear, all you please, but do not feel obliged to go to them for comfort. Go straight to Jesus Christ. After a little you will not feel that you have got to go anywhere. You will feel the divine presence all the time."

"Oh! Miss Eaton, I am so glad you are alive," said Adele with a delight which no words could describe.

"So am I," was the smiling response, "and now how about your arithmetic?"

"Oh that's all right, Miss Eaton," was the jubilant answer.

"And you feel quite sure of the next term?"

"Certainly."

"I was very glad to hear that you were promoted."

"Yes. Wasn't it nice?"

"Did you expect it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," and now the girl's eyes danced with fun—"I had been such a booby, such a cry-baby in arithmetic that I really thought it would be good for me to be kept back. Perhaps I got the booby prize."

"Did you ask God to help you in this matter?"

"You mean did I ask God to promote me? Indeed I did not. I would be ashamed to ask God for something that I should have done myself. I did that once. I think that prayer did me a lot of good. I don't know why, for it wasn't answered—but I haven't prayed since."

"Except that every breath has been a prayer" —Mr. Merrill whispered to himself.

"Why have you not prayed?" Miss Eaton, anxious to reach the depths of this most interesting and sacred experience, inquired.

"You told me that I couldn't make roses by pulling rosebuds to pieces. I saw in a jiffy that that was God's law for the roses, and if there was a law for the roses there must be a law for everything. Is that right?" Adele inquired.

"But I didn't mean that you were not to pray at all," the teacher responded. "The right kind of prayer is very important."

"I know what you mean," said Adele, "and I guess I mean that I haven't asked God for anything in particular."

At this point Tom who had seemed for some time to have something on his mind remarked that he didn't see why God could not do whatever he chose. "Why," he added, "it seems to me a very simple thing for God to make Adele bright in arithmetic."

"But Tommy, that is what he has already done," Adele hurried to say. "You see I was bright and didn't know it. Wouldn't it be a funny thing for God to make me bright in everything else, and leave out arithmetic?"

"Well, of all the—all the cheek—I will say it—this takes first prize," said Tom.

"If you had substituted truth for cheek you would have hit the case more nearly," Miss Eaton observed quietly.

"And you believe that?" Tom inquired looking rather stiff.

"I know it," and there was a power in this answer that seemed to drive all doubt away.

"And now," said Mr. Merrill, "I want to have my innings. That night when Adele was so miserable about her problems I feel that I was unkind to her"—

"Oh! papa Merrill, please don't say that," exclaimed Adele caressing her father's hand as she spoke. "You did just right. If you hadn't done what you did I should never have known to this day that I was bright in arithmetic."

Tom laughed aloud at this—not a real Uncle Harry "handed-down" guffaw, but a laugh of amused appreciation in which they all joined.

"Mr. Merrill," said Miss Eaton, "Adele is right. You acted according to principle. It was a hard matter for you to refuse help in such a crisis, but it was the means of sending your little daughter to God. Her prayer of faith met its answer—its full and beautiful answer; when she awoke the next morning peace reigned within her. All fear and trouble concerning her arithmetic had gone. Then she came to school and frankly explained the matter to her teacher."

"And then," said Adele, "you told me the dear little rose story, and truly, truly, truly papa dear, I have felt acquainted—I mean a little bit acquainted with God ever since. Why He is all Love, and of course He wouldn't show partiality to boys and give them any more arithmetic than He would girls. And there is another thing that I am sure of," the eloquent little speaker added—"God isn't a hander-down of things."

"Three cheers for you, Dellie. You've hit that nail on the head any way," Tom broke in.

"What do you mean, Adele?" Miss Eaton asked with the greatest interest.

"I don't know just how to say it," was the thoughtful response, "unless I bring mamma in. You'll excuse me, won't you dear?"

"Oh! yes," was the smiling reply. "There was never a better example with which to point a moral and adorn a tale than I am. Go on my child."

"You see," said Adele, "mamma thought she couldn't learn arithmetic and because she thought she couldn't she thought I couldn't. Mamma felt awfully sorry for me because I had to study what I couldn't learn. Tom is a boy, she used to tell me, and of course problems are nothing to him, but you are a girl and *take after me.* That's what I mean by handed-down. Why, Miss Eaton, if God is God there must be enough of the best things to go round. He wouldn't give His children a lot of second-hand stuff would He?"

"Indeed He would not," was the sweetly solemn answer. "There is nothing left out of God's bounty my dear. He has given us the best and left us free to choose between that and the second-hand stuff you speak of. Man, not God, is the author of that."

"Yes," said Adele. "I know that is true. Last night as I was going to bed," she continued, "I was thinking a whole lot about prayer, and I thought suppose I wanted a piece of real nice cake and there didn't seem to be any around. Then suppose I wanted it so very much that I knelt down and prayed God to give it to me, and all the time I was praying there was a whole loaf, chuck full of plums with a beautiful icing right on the table before me. That's exactly the way it was with my arithmetic."

There was a pause after this which no one seemed inclined to break.

"Prayer and arithmetic," said Mr. Merrill at last with dim eyes, "a strange combination."

"But isn't it lovely?" Adele inquired, and this was the end of the evening.

Mothers' Counsel

Edited by

ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN.

Nautilus Mothers, Fathers and School Ma'ams are cordially invited to consult our Rose on any knotty problem connected with the training of children and parents—and teachers. She isn't exactly omniscient, but she is on the road, with experience and mamma helping. And she is glad to help and be helped. Address letters to Rose, care The Nautilus, and be careful to put no other communications in the same envelope. Replies to your letters, and a few of the letters will appear in this department.—E. T.

A BOY IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

"Do you know, I am beginning to think that New Thought is a failure." The young mother's blue eyes were opened wide, as though horror stricken at the temerity of her remark.

"Why?" I queried, encouragingly.

"Why, just look at Reginald. You know how the people here in the boarding house consider him. They think he is the worst little terror that ever was,—and yet, he has been brought up entirely along New Thought lines. Why, when he wasn't more than a baby in long clothes, I began denying evil for him. I never allowed anybody to tell him he was naughty, and I always told him that he wanted to do the right thing.

"When he was littler, he used to follow my suggestions sometimes; but just the other day, when I told him that he didn't really want to throw stones at the frogs because it wasn't kind, he said: 'I do, too; I don't care if it ain't kind,—it's lots of fun.'

"Mrs. Johnson thinks I ought to whip him for tying a tin can to her dog's tail. I tried to make him go and apologize, but he wouldn't do it. He said he didn't care what Mrs. Johnson said; he wanted to see the dog run—the dog did run, too, and it was lots of fun.

"It just seems to me that everything is all wrong. Do you think it is right to try to bring children up by the New Thought?"

This time she gazed at me appealingly. I looked at her for a moment. Did she really want counsel, or was she simply asking, indirectly, for commiserating pity.

I decided to venture a generalization: "My dear," said I, "we must not blame a principle, you know, when it is our wrong application of it that is at fault."

"Why, I thought I was doing it just right," she said; "tell me where I was wrong, please."

"Very well," I replied. "Let us consider the whole question as well as we can together.

"In the first place, let us take the foundation statement of the New Thought philosophy—'All is Good.' We know that is the truth,—but here is the question: Is everything good under all circumstances and for all purposes? For instance, tacks are good to hold down a carpet; are they good in the stomach? Coal is splendid for building a fire, but we do not enjoy portions of it in our eyes. A joke is appropriate and well received upon an occasion of festivity, but is considered sadly out of place at a funeral. It isn't that the things aren't good in themselves, but simply that they are good for certain definite purposes, and in certain appropriate places; and are not good under other circumstances.

"Now if things are good for certain purposes, it is our business to discover what they are really good for; that is part of the joy of living,—to unravel the mystery of the harmonies that surround us. In days gone by, because a thing was wrong in a certain place, the brand was applied to the thing itself. Having classified it as wrong, our forefathers paid no further attention to it. We have advanced a step further, however, and discovered that everything is good in its own place. This leaves a large field of investigation open to us, which was closed to those of the old school.

"How does this apply to the subject of training children? Why, just in this way. The activities of a child which formerly were classified as naughty, or bad, we look upon as good activities, wrongly directed. In the beginning, the child doesn't mean to be naughty. The action appeals to him as pleasant, and he follows his own desires without thought,—probably without knowing what the results will be. He pulls on the table cover because it swings temptingly within reach, and has no idea that he is going to cause the demolition of a costly vase. He isn't naughty, he simply is ignorant. Yet, because he doesn't intend to be destructive is no reason why we should allow him to continue breaking valuable objects. We must learn to direct his energies into channels that will not infringe upon the rights of others."

"But how are you going to do it?" broke in the young mother. "Would you slap his hands and say 'naughty, naughty'? It doesn't seem to me that that would be according to New Thought."

I smiled. "There are other ways of impressing a lesson. Let me tell you what one mother did. Her friends had told her that when the

baby began to creep she would have to put away all her pretty nick-knacks, or he'd break them to pieces. She was fond of having pretty things around, and didn't like the prospect, nor did she want to be continually punishing her boy. At last a bright idea came to her. Carefully removing all of her treasures, she placed a tin cup full of water on the table cover. As usual, the baby reached out toward the swinging cloth, and this time, to his surprise, was allowed to clutch it. One strong pull, and down upon his head came the cold water. It was a surprised as well as a wet baby that looked up into his mother's face. He had had his lesson. From that day her table of dainty cups and saucers were safe from baby fingers."

"I wish I was clever like that," sighed the young mother.

"All it takes is a little ingenuity," I assured her. "Any mother could do as well by giving a little thought to the subject."

"How is a mother going to know," she asked, "what to let her baby do, and what things she must deny him?"

"That is a big question, my dear," I replied, "and judging by the time of day must be left for future consideration. The mother must remember, however, that it is her duty to decide what is best, what to allow her child, and what is unwise. It is as St. Paul said: 'All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient.'

"Many actions that are harmless in themselves will lead the child into unwise habits, which will be extremely difficult to break in later years. The mother must always have an eye to the future,—but, as I said, we must leave that for another time."

"Yes, and it is all very well to talk about what a mother ought to do with her baby. The question for me is, What am I going to do with Reginald right now?"

"Well, in the first place, my dear, I should advise you to sit down and 'take stock,' as the men say. Be very frank with yourself in deciding just what are Reginald's good points, and just where his unfortunate traits come into evidence. Remember that these so-called faults are simply good possibilities wrongly directed or unduly developed. Analyze these tendencies, and see what good characteristics there are in each one, and how they should be directed in order that they may manifest themselves as good to other people. Next, make up your mind as to what methods seem best to pursue in making over these wrongly-directed traits into rightly-directed ones, and then having decided upon your methods, stick to them. You will accomplish no good by following one plan today and another plan tomorrow. Your boy must discover that you always require certain things of him, and deny certain other actions. There must never be an exception to the few rules that you decide, upon due consideration are necessary to his best development. Explain to him fully and kindly that you find you have made a mistake in your treatment of him in the past; that you are going to change, and it is for his good. Tell him that it is your business to see that he grows into a well-developed, self-controlled man, who shall be happy because he loves the right and desires to live in accordance with law. Impress upon him the fact that it is only those who go contrary to the law that have any fault to find with it. The law-abiding citizen does not even know of the existence of hundreds of laws that the law breaker is trying to evade. You will find many opportunities of making this clear to him through his own experience; and if you remain firm, he will in time adapt himself to the new *regime*. It will be hard for you both at first, but a little persistence on your part will straighten things out in a wonderful fashion.

"There goes the dinner bell. What a good thing that I was stopped in my sermon, or I might have bored you to death! If you should want to ask me any questions, however, please do not hesitate to do so, as you see I enjoy nothing better than talking along these lines."

So we separated, and I went in to dinner with my thoughts full of the problems of mothers who are trying to bring up their children along New Thought lines. It is always easier, I thought, to follow the beaten track than it is to strike out alone into unknown territory. There must be many mothers puzzling over this problem, even as this young mother is doing. I wish I might be of help to them.

So my thoughts ran, and so they continue to run. Day after day I pondered the problems of mothers. Then my own problem came to me, and more keenly than ever did I realize how much there is for us mothers to learn in the application of the New Though philosophy to our daily lives with our children.

Believing as we do that "everything comes to him who waits," it wasn't surprising that eventually there should come to me a request from the editor of *The Nautilus* to take charge of a department for mothers in her inspiring magazine. I grasped the opportunity gladly, feeling sure that it would afford me many chances for development, and trusting that through it I might be of some little service to

the hundreds of mothers who are traveling in the New Way.

So I appeal to you to help me all you can. Send me your suggestions for topics to be considered, write in your own helpful experiences with your children, that they may prove an inspiration and a suggestive help to others. Above all, send me your questions, that I may serve you to the full extent of my powers. Thus we may study together and learn together, and, in time, we trust, our children may "rise up and call us blessed."

—o—

TEACHING RESPECT TO CHILDREN.

"My Dear Mrs. Chapman:

"What can be done by parents and teachers to foster the spirit of respect for older people and reverence for sacred things? Our whole country is lamentably lacking in this virtue, but it is more noticeable out here in the far West than anywhere I have ever lived. —F. H. P. R."

The first step is for the parents themselves to respect the individuality of the child from the first moment of his life. They should look upon him as a human being whose welfare is of such paramount importance that all questions should be decided according to his best good, not their personal wishes.

In the second place, parents should be worthy of the child's respect. Then they should respect each other, and so set before their children an example of respectful behavior. The boy who sees his father always considerate of his mother will not be long in following in his footsteps.

The parents themselves should never speak flippantly of those in authority, nor of sacred things. Thus the child will be guarded against a flippant attitude of mind.

Reverence to old age should always be encouraged by example as well as by precept. The child who has been taught the glory of that Divine Essence which permeates us all will not fail to accord reverence to every one he meets. Give your child the seeing eye which can catch a glimpse of the divine in life, and he will not fail in reverence.

The Nautilus! I drink its health;
'Twill conquer fame and garner wealth.
It is a light all purely white,
To cheer the day, illume the night.
"A gem of purest ray serene,"
As fair a one as e'er was seen,
Long live The Nautilus.

—H. P. Cheever.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

I noticed an advertisement of a boarding-house assuring its prospective patrons they used neither *pork* nor *lard*. When a regular boarding-house uses neither it is more a "sign of the times" than for Jew and gentile to worship together.—*E. M. F., Wichita, Kan.*

During the Jewish new year celebration of this year the Jews and Unitarians held a union service, the regular choir furnishing the music and the Jewish Rabbi delivering the address. I think it is the first time I have ever heard of Jews and Protestants worshipping together. Verily, "the world *do* move."—*E. M. F., Wichita, Kan.*

"Dr. Harry C. Jones, professor of physical chemistry at Johns Hopkins university, in a new work on the alleged electrical nature of matter, says that the line separating matter from electricity is on the point of disappearing. The corpuscle, he says, is nothing but a disembodied electrical charge and contains nothing material. Instead of speaking of the corpuscle we should speak of the electron."—*Clipped.*

The Liberal Government (in England) is feeling its way toward a modified form of Socialism as a solution of the great economic problems which puzzle English public men. David Lloyd-George, who is Minister for Trade, at a Welsh meeting advocated one of the leading principles of Socialism—a fairer distribution of wealth. "There are 10,000,000 in this country," he said, "enduring year after year the torture of living on, lacking a sufficiency of the bare necessities of life. And all this exists amid a splendid plenty, which pours into a land so wealthy that it can afford to loan out of its spare riches thousands of millions to other lands. There is plenty of wealth in this country and to spare. What is wanted is a fairer distribution. I do not suggest that there should be a compulsory equal distribution of the wealth of this country between its inhabitants, but I do say that the law which protects capitalists in the enjoyment of their great possessions should first of all see that those whose labor produces their wealth are amply protected from actual need. The spare wealth of this country should be forced as a condition to its enjoyment by its possessors, to contribute first toward the honorable maintenance of those who have ceased to be able to maintain themselves."—*American.*

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 64.

In my own case, one of the chief factors in winning success has been determination. The obstacles and opposition I met with only serving to make me more firmly resolved to succeed in my chosen calling. Persistent effort, added to a firm belief in your own abilities will gain a reward in time. Also to cultivate a cheerful optimistic disposition that refuses to be cast down by apparent failures. To put your whole heart into your work is to get so enthusiastic about it that work becomes a pleasure as well as a duty.—Ada Mason, Ottawa, Can.

Letter No. 65.

I wanted to sell a piece of property. It was as heavy as an elephant on my hands, and just about as heavy on my mind. There semed to be no demand for that property for years. Meanwhile I came to study Mental Science, and so in regard to this perplexity I said: "God and I are one, so the I AM speaks the word: Let the right party who needs that ground appear when willing and ready to pay the right price, namely, $300." I firmly believed that the universal I AM at one with me, then and there recorded my demand, and that the same intelligence was directing that party my way. I had to wait a few months, and during that time my faith had been severely tried—my real self sometimes seemed to recede and I seemed divided into about a dozen imps of fear and dread and worry. The imps said: "No use to hope, I'll have to pay taxes all my life and get nothing for it; better throw it up as I did those other two lots; what is the use of throwing good money after bad?" Then the real self would assert itself again and say the last word: "Sh—Sh—: All this foolish talk is of the finite self, the surface consciousness. But I am one with infinite wisdom and power. Sh—In due time all will come out well." And in truth, so it did. The next prospective buyer didn't kick about tangle concerning title, because he was formerly connected with the property, and so bought and paid the $300 without a grumble. I have had many similar experiences, and I find the outlook of life now more worth the while. I would not know how to get on without Mental Science.—Margaret Palsgrove, Great Falls, Mont.

Letter No. 66.

I believe success, primarily, like charity begins at home. The elements of success are purely personal. They rest in character, as has often been affirmed in this department. But what are the forces which make for success? Success with self depends upon discipline, and what is discipline? Discipline is the master force, the mental and physical regulator which gives perfect action to all the other forces. Resolution and fidelity and persistence play a star role in all of life's successes. The agreeable, as well as the aggressive qualities, must be recognized as one of the phalanxes in the ranks of achievement. Tact plays an important part in the success of any person. Patience and forbearance co-operate for good, and an insulated nervous system allays irritability. Tidiness and ease of manner are adjuncts of no mean order. Success comes not in the accidents of life, it is not in the list with luck; it comes largely of preparation of a realization—a mastery of power, such as that which inspired the poet to write: "I am the master of my fate, and the captain of my soul." The I-am-ness of the individual, is the I-be-ness of success.—C. P. Watt.

Letter No. 58, from Stella Stuart, seems to be the favorite among the Success Letters published in March *Nautilus,* with No. 61, by Frederick E. Young, Brooklyn, a close second. Stella Stuart already has her prize, and we'll send another subscription as second prize to Frederick Young, if he will tell us where to send it.

The $5.00 in cash for the best Success letter published in the six months ending with January number goes to the writer of No. 34, in October, 1906, number, S. M. Shields, True, Tex. We are a bit late with this award, because we forgot about it! But the $5.00 is as good now as it would have been in January. Another $5.00 will be awarded in July number.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!
—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

E. R. P.—I see no way to *make* the horse drink! You can lead him to water, but that is all. Better let her alone. Let her learn her own lessons and she will get over her heedlessness the earlier. She can certainly grow strong and well able to go through college if she will do her part in the way of exercise and plain living, even if she does not profess new thought. Perhaps she is fussed at too much, which would set her in her careless ways of living. Let her be! Trust her to the spirit which is working in you all.

A. B.—If your husband resents your anti-tobacco ideas let him alone. The more you talk the harder set he will be. And if you are *mentally* set against him it will affect him the same as if you kept talking about it. Loose him and *let* him learn his lessons in his own way. He knows as much about the tobacco habit as you possibly can know. Recognize his right to "tobacco heart" if he wants it, and remember that *all* things work for good to him—even heart failure, which will separate him and the weed if he hasn't backbone enough to do it himself! If he *wants* to stop smoking he can. And he can make it easier by eating *very* moderately of plain foods only, *no meat;* chewing every mouthful very thoroughly; and taking plenty of vigorous outdoor exercise. A run around the block wil stimulate a man as much as a cigar, and will leave no bad effects. Stomach-stuffing and sedentary habits are the greatest incentives to tobacco and whiskey habits.

M. M. D.—Oh, I am always glad to get the personal letters of my readers, and still more glad if I can answer in such a way as to help. * * * Ask the spirit to lead you, and then, no matter *what* the consequences, never allow yourself to doubt that it was the spirit's voice you followed. Learn your little lesson from the experience. Next time the spirit may lead you very differently. But no matter how it leads you *believe it.* In due time the way will *seem* straight, as it really is.

O. E.—Read what I said to L. S. W. on this page in March number. It all applies to your case. It seems to me if I had submitted as you did, I'd insist that the doctors make good before they are paid. If a new thought healer took money for such a fizzle there'd be a terrible howl from doctors and others, and the healer would land in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. But you can probably make it all right by natural methods.

M. A. Y.—Obsession is the only obsession. Your friend was dominated *by her own ideas* concerning that dead and gone priest, who certainly has something else to do in the universe besides haunting any poor foolish woman. People dwell on some one thought until it possesses them, and they call it obsession and lay the blame on some outside person or force. Obsession is a phenomenon peculiar to the weak mind which has been unbalanced by a *lack of useful work.* It is a result of *idle brooding.* No outside inference has anything to do with *it.* Every obsessed person will tell you he can drive away the obsessing power for the time being by *getting up quickly and walking across the floor,* or by exerting any other physical activity. "But it will come back again after a time," he says. But positive, physical action will dispel it *every time.* Obsession grows when your friend sits still and invites it. And as long as she thinks it is sort of distinguished to be obsessed she will probably keep on inviting it. *Make light* of such things, live an active, normal life and they will disappear. What the psychic saw about her were her own mental pictures, interpreted according to the medium's intelligence. Your friend should keep away from mediums and seances of all kinds, and she should *refuse* to be possessed or influenced by *anybody.*

O. G. H.—Why are "some husbands and wives doomed to live apart" because the husbands are traveling salesmen? Either or both of the following reasons may be the cause: The man's *will and desire* to travel may be stronger than the combined will and desire of his wife and himself to be together all the time; or he and his wife, or both, may not have *faith and initiative* enough to overcome his *habit* of traveling salesmanship. The latter reason keeps many a man pegging away years at a business that is irksome to him. When a man has a family to support it takes nerve to drop his old paying business and strike out into the Great Unproved. *What if*—? But where there's a *will and desire* enough there's a way. *If* husband and wife believe and affirm and love and work together—*"where two are agreed"* it shall *certainly* be done unto them. If they don't faint by the wayside and grow pessimistic again. And either husband or wife alone can bring about the desired change for the better if persistent enough in *believing* that the desired is received and shall come to pass.

Anent Books and Things.

When sending books for review please remember to give selling price, and address where book may be obtained. We notice on this page all cloth-bound books sent us, and as many paper bound ones as we can find space for. Small space forbids our reviewing music. —E. T.

—"Henry Sylvester Cornwell, Poet of Fancy," is a dainty memoir by Ellen Morgan Frisbie, New London, Conn. No price given.

—There was a good article on desire, by Helen Wilmans, in *The Balance* for February, 1700 Welton street, Denver.

—"Owl Hoots for 1907" is a dainty collection of sayings, wise and otherwise, culled from various sources by Lucia B. Griffin, Albia, Iowa. Price 25 cents.

—"Law Absolute" is a clear convincing statement of the truth of being, by Margaretta Gray Bothwell. Paper bound in white, price 25 cents. Published by Progressive Literature Company Box 228, Madison Square, N. Y.

—"Practical Astrology for Everybody" is a little tall, slim volume in red and gold that hails from my native city. Issued from Portland School of Astrology, Portland, Ore. Price $1.00; paper 50 cents.

—"Parental Rights and Economic Wrongs," by Virginia M. Butterfield, contains ninety-six pages bound in paper, price 50 cents. Published by Stockham Publishing Company, 70 Dearborn street, Chicago.

—"Crimes of the Cowpox Ring" is a mental emetic that most folks need. Written by Lora C. Little, editor *Liberator*, Minneapolis, Minn. 75 big pages, neat paper binding, price only ten cents.

—"The Praise of Hypocrisy, an Essay in Casuistry," by G. T. Knight, D. D., is a pretty little artistic brown volume of eighty-five pages bound in stiff paper covered boards, issued by The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. No price given.

—"Thought the Cause and Cure of Disease" is a handsome paper bound booklet of thirty-two pages by Sheldon Leavitt, M. D., editor of *Thought* and author of that fine book on "Psycho-Therapy." Address 4665 Lake avenue, Chicago. No price given, probably 25 cents.

—"How Not to Worry" is an interesting little paper bound 25-cent book of 50 pages with half-tone picture of the author, Martini, the palmist, who designs it "to add a little to the sum of human happiness." Martini's address is 734 Hamilton street, Allentown, Pa.

—"The Divinity of Desire" is a lucid and scholarly statement of mental science by Eugene Del Mar. A practical study that will help those who are still wondering about desire. A nice volume of 118 cloth bound pages, price $1.00. Published by Progressive Literature Company, Box 228, M. S., New York.

Continued on Page 44.

Good Natured Again

Good Humor Returns with Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and nervousness amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day, I happended to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store, and bought a package, out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness. Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eye-sight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for twenty years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"Man's character is an element of his wealth, and you cannot make him rich in what he has except as you teach him to be rich in what he is."—Ruskin.

Sea-Rover's Remedy

Postum Coffee and its Power to Rebuild.

The young daughter of a government officer whose duties keep him almost constantly on board ship between this country and Europe, tells an interesting tale of the use her father made of Nature's food remedy to cure an attack of malarial fever:

"Father recently returned from a long sea-trip, bed-ridden and emaciated from an attack of malarial chills and fever," she writes. "In such cases people usually dose themselves with medicines, and we were surprised when he, instead of employing drugs, proceeded to devote himself exclusively to Postum Food Coffee, of which he has long been fond. He used two or more cups at each meal, drinking it very hot, and between meals quenched his fever-engendered thirst at all hours of the day and night from a supply we kept ready in the water-cooler. For several days his only drink and sometimes his only food was Postum Coffee, hot or cold, according to the moment's fancy.

"Within a day or two his improvement was noticeable, and within a week he was a well man again, able to resume his arduous ocupation.

"He first began to drink Postum Food Coffee several years ago, as a remedy for insomania, for which he found it invaluable, and likes it so much and finds it so beneficial that he always uses it when he is at home where he can get it." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. While this man uses Postum as a remedy, it is in no sense a medicine but only food in liquid form. But this is nature's way and "There's a reason." See the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Stumbling blocks are only building blocks out of place.—Purinton.

Continued from Page 43.

—"The Measure of a Man" is a broad statement of being by Charles Brodie Patterson, study of which cannot fail to bring illumination and exaltation. Handsomely bound in cloth, and gold, 297 pages, price $1.35, postpaid. Published by Funk and Wagnalls, N. Y.

—"Freedom Talks," by Julia Seton Sears, M. D., is an elegant book of 134 pages on heavy antique laid paper, bound in heavy gray paper, finished repousse in old silver. Price $1.00 Published by Sears Investment Company, Huntington Chambers, Boston. The book is replete with inspiration and suggestion.

—"The New Gospel of the Abundant Life," by Thomas J. Allen, M. A., L. L. D., Aurora, Ill., is a popular statement of the new life of health, happiness and success through high thinking and low living. Accords well with our *Nautilus* philosophy. The book contains 141 large pages, with half-tone of Dr. Allen, bound in flexible covers stamped in gold. Price $1.00, postpaid.

—"Rejoice Always; or Happiness is for You," is the name of an attractive and inspiring litle book of 186 cloth bound pages by Frank S. Van Eps and Marion B. Van Eps whose lessons in new thought have started many scores of seekers in the better way. Shows the true way to adjust oneself to circumstances preparatory to changing the circumstances themselves. Published by C. B. Fairchild, 143 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street, New York. Price $1.00, postpaid.

—We are glad to note the continued progress of the Psycho-Therapeutic *Journal.* With the January number, the *title* of the publication is altered to *The Health Record,* and whilst pursuing the same policy as hitherto, and retaining all the old features which have been so much appreciated in the past, the scope of the *Journal* under its new title will be so extended as to include articles and news on matters of health and health reform generally. The *Journal* will be published, as hitherto, from the offices of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, 3 Bayley street, Bedford Square, London, W. C.

—"Boy Wanted" is "a book of cheerful counsel" by Nixon Waterman, the famous writer for young folks. This book is elegantly got up, with beautiful full page half-tones, marginal quotations, 106 pages, bound in maroon silk cloth with vignette of "the boy," all lettered in white leaf with this motto:

"Do not falter or shrink;
But just think out your work
And then work out your 'think.'"

There are several of Waterman's jolly poems in the book, including "The Secret of Success" which I published at the head of the first number of *Nautilus* every issued—about how "little Johnny Wales" won by "sticking to his bush" till he'd picked it clean. This book is just the one to put into every boy's hands—a vital force for good. Published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. Price, $1.25, postpaid.